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LOUIS XVII. OF FRANCE
Monsieur Charles

From a portrait in the Petit Trianon, after Kocharski

(Frontispiece) *(Photo, Giraudon)*

ONSIEUR CHARLES

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TRUE DAUPHIN (LOUIS XVII OF FRANCE)

BY

ERIC REDE BUCKLEY

Author of "A Lily of Old France," etc.

WITH PORTRAITS

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CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	LIFE AT VERSAILLES	9
II.	FROM VERSAILLES TO PARIS	20
III.	THE TUILERIES	32
IV.	THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES	47
V.	THE TUILERIES ONCE MORE	62
VI.	THE 20TH JUNE, 1792	73
VII.	FROM THE TUILERIES TO THE TEMPLE	86
VIII.	LIFE AT THE TEMPLE	100
IX.	THE WIDOW CAPET AND HER CHILDREN	117
X.	THE CITIZEN SIMON	129
XI.	THE MONTHS OF LONELINESS	143
XII.	GOMIN	155
XIII.	LASNE	169
XIV.	THE BURIAL	182
XV.	THE FALSE DAUPHINS—HERVAGAULT, BRUNEAU, MEVES	194
XVI.	THE FALSE DAUPHINS—RICHEMONT, NAUNDORFF	207
	INDEX	222

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

LOUIS XVII OF FRANCE (MONSIEUR CHARLES) *Frontispiece*

LOUIS XVI OF FRANCE . . . . *facing page* 30

MARIE ANTOINETTE . . . . „ 82

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN . „ 117

CHAPTER I

LIFE AT VERSAILLES

When Louis Charles, the second son of Louis XVI, was born on the 27th March, 1785, the storm clouds of the approaching revolution were already beginning to gather upon the horizon. Turgot and Necker, the two ministers who had in turn aimed at extricating the government from its financial embarrassment, had been dismissed and Calonne was plunging the country deeper and deeper in debt.

The assistance given by France to the American rebels in their struggle against the English Crown had introduced republican ideas into France, and discontent with the ancient régime as a whole was steadily increasing.

The King and Queen had completely lost their early popularity; Louis XVI was reserved and boorish in his manners, vacillating and incompetent in public business, possessing none of the qualities that make a king popular, although he was a man of blameless private life—well-meaning, humane and eager to do what he believed to be his duty.

Marie Antoinette, who as a girl-bride of fourteen had won all hearts, was now become the object of almost universal hatred and referred to contemptuously as the Austrian. Scorning the formal etiquette of the court which had been so scrupulously observed by the old Queen, her husband's grandmother, she had forsaken the Château of Versailles to cultivate the simple life somewhat expensively at Trianon

hard-by, surrounded by a little circle of intimate friends, among whom Besenval and the Polignacs were the most conspicuous.

To her friends she showed a lavish generosity, when it would have been wiser had she learned to practise a severe and ostentatious economy. She persuaded the King, for instance, to bestow on the Polignacs a pension of eighty thousand livres a year, over and above the income their posts at court brought them.

She insisted on having the Château of St. Cloud bought for her as a private residence at a cost of six million livres, and spent several millions more on the repairing and furnishing of it. For all this she is not really to be blamed, for other queens of France before her had had their private residences, and the complacent finance minister, Calonne, met all her requests with the same reply: "If what Your Majesty desires is possible it is done; if it is impossible it shall be done."

Maybe the financial position of the country was not really as desperate as it suited those who wished for a revolution to represent it, and certainly the Queen's personal expenditure was neither the only nor even the chief cause of the deplorable state the finances were in; none the less her extravagance at a time when the nation appeared to be threatened with bankruptcy made her unpopular and gained for her the nickname of Mme. Deficit.

After the death of Maurepas, too, she began to meddle in affairs of state, and was suspected of making and unmaking ministers, and using her influence unduly to favour her native country. It was unwise of her to dabble in politics, for she had little natural ability and a very imperfect education, so that she was ill equipped for forming a sound judgment on political matters, and her intervention only made her more unpopular.

In other ways, too, she lacked discretion; she loved gaiety and amusement, so finding her husband dull and phlegmatic she had sought distraction in the company of his brother, the Count d'Artois, and others of a more lively spirit, with whom she drove about in sledges, visited masked balls in Paris, and participated in other amusements. This round of gaieties constituted her "dissipations," as they have been called; they were innocent enough in a lively, high-spirited girl, who found herself married at the age of fourteen to a dull, awkward youth whom it would not be unfair to describe as an utter booby.

Unfortunately, however, things which are innocent do not always appear so, and the Queen's "dissipations" became such a source of grave scandal that no charge made against her and her bosom friend, Mme. de Polignac, was too gross or too improbable to be believed, as the scurrilous pamphlets and lampoons of the day attest.

On the top of all this scandal came the famous Diamond Necklace case, which perhaps did more than anything else to render the Queen odious in the eyes of the French people.

The Cardinal de Rohan, a profligate nobleman and most unworthy prince of the church, who had formerly been French ambassador at Vienna, had fallen into disfavour at court and was particularly obnoxious to the Queen. Unfortunately he became acquainted with an unscrupulous adventuress, the Countess de la Motte Valois, who persuaded him that she could restore him to Marie Antoinette's good graces.

Mme. de la Motte happened to know that a firm of jewellers had shown the Queen a magnificent diamond necklace which she had refused to buy because she thought the money would be better spent on two warships. Mme. de la Motte assured the Cardinal de Rohan that Marie Antoinette eagerly

coveted this necklace, and convinced him that if he bought it and gave it to the Queen he would certainly be restored to favour.

She arranged a clandestine correspondence between the Queen and the Cardinal in which she herself was the go-between; the Cardinal wrote numerous love-letters to the Queen which Mme. de la Motte professed to deliver, and brought him ardent replies which were, of course, all forgeries concocted by herself, for the Queen neither received any of the Cardinal's letters nor answered them.

Greatly daring, the crafty adventuress even arranged a secret meeting one night in the gardens of Versailles between the Queen and the Cardinal, having secured a demi-mondaine of about the same height and figure as Marie Antoinette to impersonate her. The Cardinal was completely taken in and made arrangements to purchase the necklace; not being in a position to pay the full price at once, he promised to do so by instalments, but the jewellers, seeing that a very large sum of money was involved, asked that the contract should be countersigned by the Queen. This caused no difficulty, for Mme. de la Motte or one of her associates was quite ready to forge the Queen's signature.

As soon as the necklace was purchased the Cardinal entrusted it to Mme. de la Motte to give to the Queen, and firmly believed that she had done so. In fact Mme. de la Motte gave it to her husband, who took it to England to sell whole or piecemeal as opportunity offered. It was only when the Cardinal failed to pay an instalment that had become due and the jewellers wrote to the Queen demanding payment, that the conspiracy came to light and the perpetrators of the fraud were arrested.

The Cardinal was eventually released on the ground that he had been a dupe, whose almost incredible vanity and stupidity had made him an easy

prey for clever scoundrels. Mme. de la Motte was branded and imprisoned, but after a while contrived to escape, and fled to England, where a few years later she published her memoirs, one of the most shameless, mendacious and disgusting books that have ever been printed.

In it she not only accuses Marie Antoinette of having had Maurepas poisoned, but asserts that she had planned to poison the King also. She represents her as a prodigy of evil and addicted to nameless vices, while to give verisimilitude to the accusations she makes she is not ashamed to boast that she was herself a partaker in the Queen's orgies and the minister of her foulest debaucheries.

The importance of the Diamond Necklace case and of Mme. de la Motte's memoirs lies in the fact that although the Queen was entirely innocent of the charges made against her there were a large number of people in France who did not believe her to be so, and the hatred with which she was regarded by the mob during the Revolution was mainly due to a widespread belief that Marie Antoinette was really the sort of woman that Mme. de la Motte and the anonymous lampoons of the day described her as being.

The royal family, then, was already living in an atmosphere of suspicion and unpopularity when Louis Charles was born.

Louis XVI created his little son Duke of Normandy on the day of his birth, and immediately after his baptism, which took place the same day, bestowed on him the order of the Holy Spirit: it was only when his elder brother, Louis Joseph Xavier François, died of rickets at Meudon on the 4th June, 1789, that the little Duke of Normandy became Dauphin.

The first four years of his life were days of great anxiety for his parents; the national finances were

falling into greater and greater disorder, the Revolution was drawing nearer and nearer.

With the meeting of the States General in May, 1789, or perhaps with the fall of the Bastille on the 14th July, it may be said definitely to have begun, for the destruction of that ancient prison, unimportant as it was in some respects, was the first overt exhibition of that mob violence which showed itself in so sinister a way on the 5th October, 1789, and on the 20th June, 1792, and culminated in the Reign of Terror.

But of public events such as these a little boy of four would know little and understand less; at most they would only affect him indirectly, in so far as his parents were made sad and anxious by them. Practically all that is known about him during the first four years of his life is contained in a long and interesting letter written by his mother to the Marquise de Tourzel on the 29th July, 1789:

> "My son is four years, four months and two days old. I do not speak of his figure or of his outward appearance. You only need to see him. His health has always been good, but even in the cradle it was obvious that his nerves were very delicate and that the smallest unusual noise had a great effect on him; he has been slow cutting his first teeth. . . . It was only at the last ones at Fontainebleau that he had a convulsion. Since then he has had two—one in the winter of '87 or '88 and the other at his inoculation, but this last has been very slight.
>
> "Owing to the delicacy of his nerves a noise to which he is not accustomed always frightens him. He is, for example, afraid of dogs, because he has heard them bark near him. I have never forced him to see them because I think that as his judgment develops his fears will pass.
>
> "He is, like all strong, healthy children, very

giddy and thoughtless and violent in his anger, but he is a good child, tender and even demonstrative when his giddiness does not carry him away. He has an immense self-esteem, which, properly directed, may one day turn out to his advantage. Till he is at ease with anyone he knows how to control himself, and even to swallow his impatience and anger to appear gentle and lovable.

"He is most faithful when he has promised anything, but he is very indiscreet; he easily repeats what he has heard said, and often without intending to lie he adds what his imagination has made him see. It is his greatest fault, which must be corrected.

"In other respects, I repeat it, he is a good child, and with firmness, without being too severe, one will make what one wishes of him: but severity would make him rebel, for he has a great deal of character for his age. And, to give an example, from his earliest infancy the word *pardon* has always shocked him; he will do and say whatever you like when he has done wrong, but the word *pardon* he only pronounces with tears and infinite distress.

"My children have always been accustomed to have confidence in me, and when they have done wrong to tell me of it themselves. Therefore when I scold them I appear more pained and distressed by what they have done than annoyed. I have accustomed them to understand that a *yes* or *no* pronounced by me is irrevocable, but I always give them a reason suitable to their age, so that they may not think it is bad temper on my part.

"My son does not know how to read, and learns very badly: but he is too giddy to apply himself. He has no idea of pride in his head,

and I greatly desire that that may continue. My children always learn soon enough what they are. He loves his sister greatly and has a good heart. Whenever anything pleases him, whether it be to go somewhere or somebody has given him something, his first thought is always to ask the same for his sister.

"He is born gay; for his health he needs to be much in the open air, and I think it does him more good to let him play and dig in the ground on the terrace than to take him further for a walk. The exercise that little children take as they run and play about in the open air is better for them than forcing them to walk, which often tires their backs."

This letter, which shows the Queen's intimate understanding of her children and her affectionate interest in them, is in itself a sufficient refutation of the charges of gross and cynical immorality brought against her by the Countess de la Motte. The mention in the letter of the Dauphin digging in the ground on the terrace at Versailles suggests that one or two anecdotes preserved in Eckard's "Historical Memoirs" may belong to this period of the Dauphin's life.

The little boy, it is said, used to go out into the garden early in the morning to pick a bunch of flowers for his mother, which he would put on her toilette table before she got up: if the weather was wet and he could not go out to gather flowers he was sad and would say: "I am not content with myself, I have done nothing for Mamma, I have not deserved her first kiss."

On the Queen's birthday the King wished his little son to give his mother an extra large bunch of flowers and compose for himself the little speech he would make when he presented it to her.

"Papa," said the Dauphin, "I have a beautiful immortelle in my garden and I shall only want that for my pretty speech and my bouquet. When I give it to Mamma I shall say to her: 'I hope, Mamma, that you will be like this flower.'"

The Dauphin, it should be noticed, had even then a little garden of his own at Versailles, as he had later at the Tuileries.

An event which probably affected him more nearly than the political upheaval which so sorely harassed his parents was the departure of Mme. de Polignac, the governess of the royal children, with whom he must have been familiar, although possibly many of her duties were performed by subordinates, it was, for instance, an assistant governess who brought the prince and his sister daily to the Queen at ten o'clock that they might receive instruction from the various tutors under her own eyes.

The murder of several people attached to the court after the fall of the Bastille made the Queen anxious for the safety of her favourite; and she insisted upon her and her husband leaving the country. At first Mme. de Polignac refused to go, but when the Queen pressed her to do so she consented, and with her husband left France never to return.

No one who has seen her portrait by Mme. le Brun can doubt that she was a very beautiful woman, nor can they readily believe that one who had so charming and innocent a face was the monster of vice which the libellers of the day accused her of being. Fond of money and pleasure and gaiety she was, no doubt, and ready enough to accept the liberal gifts which the Queen showered upon her and her somewhat impoverished relatives; but she was not an evil or designing woman; her only crime, if crime it can be called, was that she was the Queen's favourite, and in a time of national distress accepted too readily and thoughtlessly the bounty which

her royal mistress too readily and thoughtlessly bestowed.

Her successor, the Marquise de Tourzel, was a woman of very different stamp, and probably far better qualified to fulfil the duties of her post than Mme. de Polignac had been. When the Queen announced her appointment to her she said: "I entrust to virtue what I formerly entrusted to friendship," and never did monarch find a truer and trustier servant than Mme. de Tourzel.

From the time she entered upon her duties early in August, 1789, until she was removed from the Temple soon after the King and Queen had been imprisoned there in August, 1792, she was the constant companion of the royal family, sharing all their griefs and dangers, the most devoted and loyal of friends. She had not the beauty and charm of Mme. de Polignac, but her portrait shows that she was a woman of intelligence and character, while her memoirs, which contain a large amount of information about the Dauphin during the three years he was in her charge, bear out the impression made by her portrait.

She took the duties of her post seriously, and carried them out with care and devotion; but she did not hold it to be any part of the duty of the governess of the royal children to spoil them, and the warm-hearted, petulant little Dauphin soon found that his new governess was not a woman who would stand defiance or tantrums, but her firmness did not make him love her any the less.

Besides his governess the Dauphin had three under-governesses, two "first women" and eight waiting-maids: while the Abbé d'Avaux acted as his tutor.

At the time of Mme. de Tourzel's appointment the Queen had not a high opinion of d'Avaux; he was good enough, she thought, to teach the little boy his

letters, but lacked the qualifications needed by one who was to have charge of children. He remained, however, the Dauphin's tutor till his pupil was imprisoned in the Temple; and the little prince was sincerely attached to him, and called him " My good Abbé."

No doubt d'Avaux had his faults; he may have been, as Marie Antoinette hints, indiscreet in his attentions to the under-governesses, but he was a faithful and loyal servant of the royal family, a kind and painstaking tutor to the little Dauphin, who in time came to regard him and Mme. de Tourzel as a second father and mother.

CHAPTER II

FROM VERSAILLES TO PARIS

If the fall of the Bastille marks the date from which the old political order was doomed to destruction, the march of the people of Paris to Versailles on the 5th October marks that on which the long-drawn agony of the royal family began.

This march was not altogether a spontaneous movement on the part of the Parisian mob, but was organized by those who desired the royal family to be removed from Versailles to Paris. During September there were rumours, not without foundation, that the King and Queen were contemplating a flight to Metz, while towards the end of the month the King ordered the Regiment de Flandre, a regiment on whose loyalty he could rely, to come to Versailles.

The officers of the bodyguard gave their brother officers of the Regiment de Flandre a dinner of welcome; at this dinner the health of the King and Queen was drunk with enthusiasm: the song, "Oh, Richard; oh, my King!" (from Sedaine's play on Richard Cœur de Lion) was sung; white cockades were sported, and the tricolour cockade, it was said, trampled under foot. Report transformed this probably harmless if not very discreet convivial evening into a scandalous debauch, the beginning of a counter-revolutionary movement.

Bread was short in Paris, not because there was any real scarcity, but because the King's enemies had

arranged a fictitious shortage, well knowing that nothing disposes men to acts of violence more quickly than famine or the fear of it. Besides, what a splendid contrast it made—the King and his soldiery wallowing in luxury and excess at Versailles, while the poor folk of Paris were perishing for lack of bread!

In the morning everything appeared to be as usual at Versailles, and the King set out to Meudon to hunt, all unconscious of the trouble that was approaching.

Meanwhile in Paris all was in a state of commotion. Women rushed about the streets crying "Bread! bread!" rendered furious, no doubt, by a rumour which had got abroad, that the court had bought up all the corn with the deliberate intention of creating a famine in Paris. Absurd as this rumour was, hungry people do not wait to reason, so the rumour served its purpose. A howling mob forced its way into the town hall, broke open the doors of the armoury and seized whatever arms it could find.

The tocsin sounded, drums were beaten, and de la Fayette, at the head of the National Guard, hastened to the Place de Grève, where he found a vast crowd assembled; they surrounded him, shouting: "To Versailles! To Versailles!" Dilatory and vacillating as was his wont, de la Fayette sent an aide-de-camp to the National Assembly, which was then sitting at Versailles, to ask for instructions, and patiently awaited his return before taking any action.

The mob showed much greater promptitude, for at two o'clock, headed by Maillard, it set out for Versailles. The greater part of it no doubt consisted of the riff-raff, male and female, of the lowest quarters of Paris, infuriated by the lack of bread, but among them were artfully scattered what one might describe as professional rioters, to keep their passions inflamed and to direct their energies to the desired end.

All the women who marched to Versailles that day

in the garb of fishwomen were not really such, for among them the keen eye of Mme. de Tourzel detected many whose delicate complexions and dainty underclothing betrayed the fact that the fishwomen's dress they were wearing was but a disguise; they had no doubt been hired for the occasion to act as ringleaders, and it is no hard matter to guess from what class they were drawn.

Among the men, too, was a smattering of what the royalist writers describe as brigands—ruffians, French and foreign, ever ready to plunder and murder—the dregs of humanity which always seem to rise to the surface in the days of red revolution, the readiest tools of unscrupulous demagogues.

Such was the crowd that, armed with pikes, sabres, pistols, poignards and anything else that might serve as a weapon of offence, and accompanied by cannon drawn by carthorses, set out for Versailles, while de la Fayette, whose duty it was to maintain order, sat still in Paris awaiting instructions.

At four o'clock the mob burst into the hall where the National Assembly was sitting, with shouts of "Bread! bread!" while their leader, Maillard, loudly demanded the punishment of the King's bodyguard for insulting the national cockade.

When the news that a mob from Paris was approaching reached the palace, everyone was filled with consternation, and a messenger was sent off post haste to inform the King. M. de Narbonne-Fritzlar, who was with him, immediately offered to go with troops to hold the bridges of Sèvres and St. Cloud, and if the mob should endeavour to pass by way of Meudon to fire upon it.

Louis, however, always unwilling to spill a drop of blood even if by so doing far greater calamities could be averted, would not consent to this plan and returned as fast as he could to the palace. As it grew dusk a thick fog began to gather, and between

five and six o'clock those in the palace saw the threatening mob approaching through the fog.

The gates were shut and the troops were ordered to prevent the mob from entering. After a while it was decided to admit a deputation, which was led into the œil-de-bœuf where the King and his ministers were sitting. Louis received them kindly and promised to do all in his power to send corn to Paris. Hardly had the deputation left when a number of women forced their way into the palace and were with difficulty persuaded to leave it.

The royal family and their attendants were in a great state of trepidation. Outside the gates they could hear the mob raging like an angry sea; the most disquieting rumours kept on arriving; it was said that among the women were many men disguised in women's clothes, and that members of the National Assembly were actually going to and fro in the crowd inciting them to deeds of violence.

Some advised the King and his family to flee, and orders were given for the carriages to be got ready, and the horses were actually harnessed, but Louis, yielding to Necker's persuasions, decided to remain.

Next it was suggested that the Queen and her children should flee, but to this course Marie Antoinette would not consent.

"The King's person is in danger," she said; "never, no never, will I abandon him. I will share his lot whatever it may be. Do they wish my death? I shall know how to face it."

On this occasion, as on so many others, the Queen showed that lofty and inflexible courage which has won for her the admiration of posterity; while the King, though incapable of vigorous and decisive action, met the danger to which he was exposed in a spirit of calm endurance.

The mob, which had now been joined by the National Guard of Versailles, having learned that the

troops inside the palace had been forbidden to fire upon them, became more daring and began to fire on the bodyguard, wounding many and killing a few.

Once more the King thought of flight, and again gave orders for the carriages to be prepared, but it was now too late; the stablemen and the National Guard of Versailles would not allow the carriages to be brought round to the palace.

The National Assembly meanwhile was calmly deliberating on the best means to persuade the King to agree to the decree of the 30th September—that is, the first articles of the Constitution and the declaration of the Rights of Man. Louis not unreasonably held that his consent to the constitution ought not to be asked until it was complete.

At about nine o'clock a deputation of the Assembly, headed by its president, Mounier, waited upon the King, and Mounier, perhaps sincerely, argued that the safety of the King and his family depended upon his yielding to the wishes of the Assembly. Louis, as his manner was, stood out for a time and then gave way.

Soon after, as the uproar continued unabated, the King sent a message to the Assembly that he wished to consult it about the dangerous position he was in. Mounier and some other deputies returned to the palace, just about the time that the laggard de la Fayette at last arrived on the scene of action.

He had an audience with Louis and assured him that having been unable to prevent the mob leaving Paris he had come with the National Guard to protect him. He asked the King to entrust him with the task of guarding the palace. Louis consented and ordered that the bodyguards should retire to their quarters at Trianon, while the National Guards of Paris relieved them. Soon after, hearing that his bodyguards were going to be attacked, he sent orders that they were to retire to Rambouillet.

For the moment order seemed to have been restored, and at two o'clock in the morning de la Fayette returned to tell the King that everything was quiet in the town : he then left the palace to spend the night at the Hôtel de Noailles.

The King, reassured by what de la Fayette had said, decided to go to bed, and sent M. Hue to advise the Queen to do the same. She had ordered Mme. de Tourzel, if there was any commotion during the night, to take the Dauphin and his sister to the King's room. Since she had been warned that ugly threats had been aimed at her and that it was dangerous for her to spend the night in her own apartment, some of her attendants had tried to persuade her to spend the night in the King's room, where they thought she would be safe.

"I had rather," she replied, "expose myself to any danger if there is any to run, and keep it away from the King and my children."

However, when de la Fayette left, everything seemed so calm that those within the palace believed the trouble was really at an end and went quietly to rest. "The illusion," says Mme. de Tourzel, "was complete." And de la Fayette himself was no less thoroughly duped by outward appearances than the King and Queen. Gravely as he is to be blamed for leaving the palace at such a juncture, there is no reason to suppose that he had the least inkling of the horrors which the morning was to bring forth.

He was a vain, self-sufficient man, with a blind trust in his own popularity and his own capacity to control the people. On his arrival at Versailles he had found everything in confusion, and in a short time had restored order, so that he naturally believed himself to be completely master of the situation; of the sinister influences at work he had no knowledge; his presence at Versailles had sufficed to restore order —it would suffice to maintain it.

But while de la Fayette slept tranquilly in the Hôtel de Noailles the instigators of the riot were awake and busy. At six o'clock some of the mob invaded the house of the Curé of Saint-Louis and compelled him to say mass for them, as a preparation for their attack on the palace—"a mixture of superstition and barbarity," as Mme. de Tourzel rightly calls it. Mass over, the mob, strengthened with the consolations of religion, burst into the palace.

They massacred two sentinels who were posted at the door of the apartments occupied by the King's aunts, and the infamous Jourdan rushed about brandishing an axe and earned that day the nickname of "Coup tête"—"Cut off their heads!"

It was against the Queen in particular that their fury seemed to be directed. Men rushed hither and thither shouting: "The Queen's head—Down with the Queen—Louis shall not be King—We want the Duke d'Orléans!" while the women yelled: "Where is the hussy? Bring her to us dead or alive—let us eat her heart!"

One of the bodyguard who saw that the mob was about to force the door leading to the Queen's apartment cried out: "Save the Queen!" He was immediately felled to the ground by a blow with the butt-end of a musket and left for dead.

His warning, however, had not been uttered in vain. Mme. Thibaud, the Queen's first lady's maid, who fortunately had not been to bed that night, heard the cry and immediately roused the Queen, who, having hastily slipped on a skirt and dressing-jacket, fled to the King's room: as she went she could hear shouts of: "We must hang her! We must cut her throat!"

Hardly had she escaped when the infuriated mob burst open the door and rushed into her room; their frenzy was redoubled when they found that their prey was not there, and they vented their anger by stabbing

the bed with pikes, showing thereby their murderous intentions.

When Marie Antoinette reached her husband's room she found other members of the royal family assembled there, including the Dauphin, who had been carried thither by Mme. de Tourzel as soon as the uproar began: noticing that her little daughter was not present she went down to her room by a little private staircase and fetched her.

All believed that their last hour was at hand and faced the danger with calmness and courage, but the two poor little royal children must have been terrified by the yells of the angry mob; how deep an impression the horrors of the day left upon the mind of the Dauphin is proved by the eagerness he showed at a later time to thank M. de Beaurepaire, one of the bodyguards who had been dangerously wounded while defending the door of the Queen's room against the mob.

De la Fayette, alive at last to the true state of affairs, was doing his best to rescue the royal family from the perilous position in which his own lack of foresight had placed them. He persuaded the National Guard not only to protect the King but to rescue the bodyguards, who were in danger of being massacred by the mob. Some of his grenadiers accordingly knocked on the door of the hall where a number of the bodyguards were assembled, crying that they had come to save the King.

M. de Chevannes, the brigadier of the bodyguards, apparently doubting the sincerity of these cries, ordered his men to withdraw so as to be in readiness to protect the other rooms if necessary. No sooner was he left alone than he opened the door and asked the grenadiers: "Have you come to assassinate us, or join us in defending the King?"

"Long live the King!" shouted the grenadiers. "We are come to defend him and you also."

Louis, meanwhile, who had heard that some of his bodyguards were being slaughtered by the mob, showed himself on a balcony and besought the people to spare them. To prove that the bodyguards would offer no further armed resistance, he ordered those of them who were near him to throw their bandoleers to the people and assume the tricolour cockade; they immediately obeyed, shouting: "Long live the nation!" By this means the lives of the faithful bodyguards were saved; but the position of the royal family was as precarious as ever.

The mob was loudly demanding that the King should quit Versailles and take up his abode in Paris. This Louis was very unwilling to do, but de la Fayette, who saw no other means of saving the royal family than by persuading the King to yield to the demands of the mob, at last prevailed upon him to consent. It was not until midday that Louis appeared a second time on the balcony and announced that he had decided to go to Paris.

The delight of the crowd knew no bounds; they sang, shouted, danced, and hailed the news with salvoes of artillery and volleys of musketry.

The marble court of the palace, over which the windows of the King's apartment looked out, was filled with fishwomen who kept shouting: "Let the Queen show herself!" In response to this demand Marie Antoinette came out holding the Dauphin with one hand and the Princess Royal with the other.

"No children—only the Queen!" shouted the women.

The children were sent away, and the Queen remained alone with folded arms, gazing down fearlessly and majestically upon the howling mob beneath her.

Her calmness and courage had an immediate effect upon them, and those who a few hours before had been hurling the most opprobrious epithets at

her and demanding her blood now began to cheer and shout "Long live the Queen!"

About an hour later the royal family set out on its dolorous voyage to the capital.

A strange kind of triumphal procession was formed, for the Parisian mob had won the day, and was leading the King back to the city a captive.

First went a train of artillery and a detachment of the National Guard, each man with a loaf of bread stuck on the end of his bayonet, as if to signify that with the King's advent bread would be plentiful in Paris. Then followed the carriage containing the royal family and Mme. de Tourzel, on whose knee the Dauphin sat: by the doors of the carriage rode de la Fayette and d'Estaing, and round it surged a crowd of ruffians, two of whom brandished on the points of their pikes the heads of the two slaughtered body-guards: and a mob of drunken and dishevelled women, covered with mud and blood, singing and shouting.

These were followed by carts laden with sacks of corn on which rode women decorated with garlands; then came two hundred bodyguards without hats or bandoleers, led as prisoners—sad spectators of the indignities heaped upon the King, whom they had so bravely but fruitlessly defended; while another detachment of National Guards brought up the rear. All the time that this strange procession slowly threaded its way to Paris, muskets were fired and shouts of "Long live the Nation—Down with the shavelings!" rent the air.

Amid all the horror of it the King and Queen maintained a calm demeanour and spoke affably to those who approached the door of their carriage.

As they passed along the Chemin de Passy they saw the Duke d'Orléans and his children with Mme. de Genlis standing on the balcony of a house he had hired there to watch the lugubrious procession go

by. This was perhaps the most unkind cut of all which the King and Queen had to endure on that sad day—and it is little to be wondered at that royalists should have believed the Duke d'Orléans himself was the instigator of all that had been done.

When they reached the gate of the city the Mayor Bailly came, in accordance with custom, to present the keys of the city to the King. He had the incredible ineptitude to say: "What a glorious day is this, Sire, when the Parisians are going to possess Your Majesty and his family in their city!"

A glorious day! The day on which the King and his family had been within an ace of being massacred in their palace by an infuriated mob, and then led in mock triumph to the city which was henceforth to be to all intents and purposes their prison.

"I wish and earnestly desire, sir," answered the King with a sigh, "that my abode there may restore peace, concord and submission to the laws."

Louis wished to go straight to the Tuileries, but Bailly urged him first to visit the town hall, where the whole commune of Paris was assembled to receive him. The King at first refused, urging that after all they had gone through his family was sorely in need of repose. Bailly, however, insisted, and de la Fayette backed him up, so at last, very unwillingly, the King consented.

The streets were illuminated, and cries of "Long live the King!" rent the air.

When they reached the Place de Grève the crowd was so dense it was impossible for the carriage to advance; the royal family was therefore obliged to alight and make its way to the town hall on foot; the Dauphin, worn out with fatigue, had fallen asleep, and Mme. de Tourzel carried him in her arms.

Bailly made a speech, and the King replied. Shouts of "Long live the King!" were uttered again

and again, and at length the long-drawn-out and tragic farce was at an end.

It was between six and seven o'clock, the journey from Versailles having taken about five hours, when the Count de Provence and his wife withdrew to the Luxembourg and the rest of the royal family to the Tuileries. A number of their attendants had arrived there before them, and were awaiting them with anxiety, afraid that some mischance had befallen them.

The palace, which was demolished in 1830, was a little to the west of the Louvre; the front of it looked out over the Place du Carrousel, and the back over the Tuileries Garden. It had not been used as a royal residence for seventy or eighty years, and was in a dilapidated condition.

When the Dauphin saw the shabby furniture and old tapestries of the Château, and the general gloominess of all the rooms, he said to his mother: "Everything is very ugly here, Mamma."

"My child," answered the Queen, "Louis XIV lived here and was content with it, we must not be more particular than he was."

No preparations had been made for the reception of the royal family, and they had to pass the night as best they could in great discomfort.

The Dauphin slept in a room which was open on all sides, whose doors would hardly keep shut. The faithful and devoted Mme. de Tourzel barricaded the doors with any pieces of furniture she could find, and then passed the night sitting beside his bed, "plunged in grief and the saddest reflections."

CHAPTER III

THE TUILERIES

Since the Tuileries was now to be the permanen residence of the royal family steps were taken to mak the palace habitable. The King shared his suite wit the Dauphin, allotting him the small rooms next t the Queen's suite, which was on the ground floo overlooking the terrace, while the Princess Royal who is perhaps better known as the Duches d'Angoulême, was given rooms in the entresol ove her father's suite. Little private staircases wer constructed to allow of freer communication betwee the private apartments of the royal family.

The King dismissed his bodyguard, and detach ments of the National Guard took its place. Th National Guard consisted of six divisions, comprisin sixty battalions—one for each of the sixty districts o Paris. The battalions took it in turn to mount guar at the Tuileries, each doing so for twenty-four hour at a time. Whenever any member of the royal famil went out, even if it was only to hear Mass in th chapel, an officer of the guard was in attendance. I it was the King the chief of a division escorted him if the Queen or the Dauphin the commandant of battalion, if the Princess Elizabeth or the Princes Royal a captain.

Among the National Guards were many who ha joined merely for the sake of being in attendance o the King and out of devotion for him.

At first the royal family, who felt that they wer

more or less prisoners in their palace, went out but little, the King indeed hardly at all, and the Queen and her children no farther than the gardens, where a little piece of ground surrounded by trelliswork had been set apart for the Dauphin to walk in; whenever he went there a commandant and four soldiers attended him.

The Queen breakfasted alone every day and then saw her children; during the time they were with her the King paid her a visit. At one o'clock the King and Queen and the two princesses dined together, the Dauphin having his dinner by himself in his own room. After dinner the Queen played billiards with the King so as to make him take a little exercise, and every evening the Count and Countess de Provence came to supper: as supper was not till eight-thirty the Dauphin had, of course, already been put to bed.

A court was held every Thursday morning and Sunday evening, but life as a whole was dreary and monotonous, and the Queen was too sick at heart to think of going to the play or any other outside amusement.

After a while, that the royal children might enjoy a little change of scene, Mme. de Tourzel would take them from time to time to the residence of one of her relatives in the Faubourg St. Germain; and even the Queen plucked up courage to leave the precincts of the Tuileries. She paid frequent visits to the Foundling Hospital, taking her children with her, and encouraged them to take an interest in the little foundlings, to whose support she taught them to contribute regularly out of their own pocket-money.

The Dauphin thoroughly enjoyed these visits and was always sorry when the time to leave the hospital arrived. So great was his interest in the foundlings that he willingly saved up his money to help them.

One day his father saw him putting away some

money in a box, and thinking he was hoarding it up said: "What, Charles! Do you hoard your money like a miser?"

"Yes, father, I am miserly," answered the Dauphin; "but it is for the foundlings."

"In that case," said the King, who was delighted by the reply, "I will help you to fill your box."

The Dauphin was surprisingly intelligent for his age, and a number of anecdotes have been preserved which illustrate his understanding and shrewdness.

One day he said to Mme. de Tourzel: "I see there are naughty people who cause Papa pain; and I regret our good bodyguards whom I liked much better than these guards whom I do not care for at all."

When his governess told him he must not say such things in public, he replied: "You are right!"

At another time when Mme. de Tourzel had rebuked him for having said something indiscreet, one of the bystanders remarked in jest: "I wager that Mme. de Tourzel is wrong and the Dauphin always right."

"Sir," said the little boy, laughing, "you are a flatterer, for I flew into a rage this morning."

His fits of passion made him rather a handful to those who had charge of him, but fortunately Mme. de Tourzel was a woman of firm character and knew how to curb him, as the following incident proves.

She had told him to do something and he had flatly refused, saying: "If you don't do as I wish I will scream, and people will hear me on the terrace and what will they say?"

"That you are a naughty child," answered Mme. de Tourzel.

"But if my screams make me ill?"

"I shall put you to bed, and put you on a sick diet."

Undaunted by this threat the Dauphin began to

stamp and scream, and make a terrible uproar. The effect, however, was not what he expected, for Mme. de Tourzel had him put to bed, and allowed him to have nothing but soup for his supper. This treatment brought the little prince to his senses.

"I wanted to see whether I could put on you," he said, "but I see that I must obey you. Pardon me, it shall not happen again."

The next day he told his mother that she had given him "Madame Severe" for his governess.

If Mme. de Tourzel had not cured him of his violent temper, she had at any rate made him begin to be ashamed of it; for one day when he had flown into a rage with his under-governess, Mme. de Souci, and she had told him that everyone would think he was out of his mind if he went on like that, he begged her not to tell anyone, fearing no doubt that if Mme. de Tourzel heard of it she would treat him as she had treated him before.

But if petulant at times he could on occasion exhibit a wonderful charm, and was never shy or awkward in the presence of strangers.

One day when he heard that the officers of Flanders Regiment were coming to visit Mme. de Tourzel, he told his mother that he wished to be present.

"You won't know what to say to these gentlemen," said the Queen.

"Don't bother, Mamma! I shall not be embarrassed," he replied.

When the officers arrived, he said to those who entered first: "I am delighted to see you, gentlemen, but I am vexed at being too small to see you all."

Then noticing a very tall officer, he said to him: "Sir, take me up in your arms so that I may see these gentlemen."

The officer at once did as the Dauphin wished, and he being now able to see the whole party, said:

"I am delighted, gentlemen, to be in the midst of you."

Besides having charming manners and great natural shrewdness, the Dauphin was also quick at his lessons, though somewhat wayward, and would not take pains to learn to read. The Queen, who did not hold, as some mothers do nowadays, that children should be allowed to run wild until they are seven, was distressed at this, and told him that it was shameful for a boy of four not to be able to read.

"Mamma," he answered, "I will learn to read as a New Year's present for you."

To enable him to fulfil his promise, as he had only a month to learn in, he persuaded his tutor, the Abbé d'Avaux, to give him two reading lessons a day instead of one.

When New Year's Day arrived he went into his mother's room with a book in his hand, and throwing his arms round her neck, said: "Here is my New Year's gift! I have kept my promise and know how to read."

The Dauphin had a little garden of his own at the end of the terrace near the river, and he would usually invite the National Guards who were in attendance on him to enter it with him: one day, however, a larger number of guards was present and the Dauphin excused himself from inviting them into his garden by saying: "I am annoyed to-day, gentlemen, that my garden is so small, as it deprives me of the pleasure of receiving you all."

This shows that he had got over the dislike he had at first felt for the National Guards; though he still bitterly resented it if any of them took the least liberty with him.

One day when the time came for him to go to his garden he was playing with a gun, and the officer on duty said: "My lord, since you are going out, deliver your gun to me."

The Dauphin flatly refused, and when Mme. de Tourzel, who was present, rebuked him for his obstinacy, replied: "If the gentleman had asked me to *give* it to him it would have been all right; but to *deliver* it to him——!"

A request he would readily have complied with, but the word the officer had used implied a command and this the child's proud spirit would not brook.

The National Guards were not the only visitors admitted to his little garden, for sometimes children from the streets would come into it and talk to him, and if they seemed to be very poor he would give them money.

A charming little anecdote is told of a woman who once sought him out to ask him to persuade his parents to grant her a favour.

"Ah! my lord," cried the woman, "if I obtained it I should be as happy as a Queen."

"Is that what you think," answered the Dauphin, "*as happy as a Queen*, and I know one who does nothing but weep."

This story recalls another which probably belongs to the same period of the Dauphin's life; he had picked a bunch of flowers for his mother, among which were some marigolds, and just as he was about to give them to her he remembered that the name of these flowers ("soucis") also means "cares," so he tore the marigolds from his little posy, exclaiming: "Ah! Mamma, you have got quite enough without these."

Life at the Tuileries must have been irksome in many ways, for not only were there sentinels at every gate, a constant reminder to the royal family that they were more or less prisoners, but most of the servants in attendance on them were spies who kept a close watch on all they said and did. Still the King and Queen no doubt became to some extent inured to these domestic restraints, as they did to the

thought of continuing to reign with greatly impaired authority.

The King's intentions were clearly shown by a speech he made in the National Assembly on the 4th February, 1790, in which he said he should form the spirit and heart of his son in accordance with the new order of things. A deputation of the Assembly escorted the King back to the Tuileries, where the Queen met them, leading the Dauphin by the hand.

"I share all the King's sentiments," she said. "I unite in heart and soul with all that his love for his people dictates to him. Here is my son. I constantly discuss with him the virtues of the best of fathers. I shall teach him in good time to respect public liberty and maintain the laws. I hope one day he will be their firmest support."

In May, 1790, the King and his family went for a change of air to St. Cloud, the National Assembly making no objection to the arrangement. Their guard consisted of volunteers from St. Cloud and Sèvres, with four hundred of the National Guard of Paris and some Swiss guards.

At St. Cloud they enjoyed far more liberty than in Paris, and had they been so minded might easily have made their escape; it is even said that they did once set out, but that after they had gone a short way the King changed his mind and returned. It was at St. Cloud that Mirabeau, who had for some time been desirous of co-operating with the King in checking the advance of the Revolution, had a secret interview with the Queen, which confirmed his desire of maintaining the monarchy.

For the Dauphin those summer weeks spent at St. Cloud were a happy time; all day he played about in the gardens and in the evening walked in the park at Meudon, enjoying himself immensely.

After they had been at St. Cloud about six weeks the royal family had to return to Paris for a while to

be present at the Federation on the 14th July, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, when the people of Paris were entertaining deputies from each division of the National Guard throughout the country.

A vast amphitheatre had been erected in the Champ de Mars; in the midst of it was a mound crowned with a pyramid on which stood the altar of the country; at each corner of this altar was a vase in which incense was to be burnt. At one end of the amphitheatre was a triumphal arch, at the other, just in front of the military school, tiers of seats, in the middle of which was the King's throne with a box for the Queen and the other members of the royal family above it.

Early in the morning of 14th July the seats of the amphitheatre were filled with a vast crowd of spectators, and the Federates drawn up in circular lines in the arena; above their heads floated the banners of the departments and of the sixty districts of Paris. When the time came for the ceremony to begin, a long procession entered the arena, consisting of the electors of Paris, the representatives of the commune of Paris and the National Assembly.

The King, richly dressed and wearing all his orders, came in from the hall of the military school at the other end, and took his seat on the throne prepared for him, with the President of the National Assembly on his right. At the same time the Queen and the royal family entered the box above the throne.

De la Fayette made the Federates go through a number of evolutions and then drew them up in order round the altar; a band of two thousand musicians played, cannons and muskets were discharged, after which the Bishop of Autun said Mass.

When this was ended the King took the oath of fidelity to the Constitution. "I promise," he said, "to be faithful to the nation and the law, to maintain with

all my power the articles of the constitution decreed by the National Assembly."

Unfortunately it had been raining all the morning and at the conclusion of Mass some of the spectators put up their umbrellas, but as this prevented others from seeing, shouts of "Down with the umbrellas!" arose—and the umbrellas had to be put down.

While the King was taking the oath the Queen stood with the Dauphin in her arms and "seemed to present him to the people" and associate him with his father's action: she was greeted with cries of "Long live the Queen! Long live the Dauphin!"

Then the President of the Assembly, the electors of Paris and the Federates took the oath, the last holding their drawn swords in their hands.

After this, while the Te Deum was being sung, the rain suddenly ceased and the sun shone forth, flooding the arena with a blaze of light. So the great festival came to a happy conclusion amid shouts of enthusiastic joy.

For several days after the festival the royal family dined in public, so that the Federates who had not yet returned to the provinces might see them. The Federates were especially charmed by the Dauphin, who used to speak a few words to them from the balcony of Mme. de Tourzel's room every afternoon, and then play in the room where they could see him.

Once he plucked some syringa which grew on the balcony, and one of the Federates asked for a piece as a keepsake; the Dauphin gave him one, and at once all the other Federates began clamouring for a piece, while shouts of "Long live the Queen! Long live the Dauphin!" resounded on every side.

Later in the afternoon he went out into his own little garden, which he allowed the Federates to enter a few at a time; there he chatted with them, and by his grace, beauty and charming manners won all hearts. The Federates of Dauphiny came to offer their

homage, and the little prince, though he was only five, quite understood that they were doing so because he took his title from their province, and showed his appreciation of it in a way which delighted them.

It was a great opportunity for the King had he had but the courage to use it. The Federates were full of loyalty and enthusiasm for the royal family, and not at all in sympathy with the republican ideas which were becoming more pronounced in Paris. It would have been easy for him to enlist their sympathy, and by their help to free himself from the bondage in which he was kept by the National Assembly and the people of Paris. He might, as Mme. de Tourzel advised him to do, have set out on a tour of the Provinces, and won the support of the people at large in resisting the excessive demands of the Assembly and the Parisians.

The King, however, would take no such step, and let the golden opportunity slip by unused.

A few months later the regiment Dauphin-Dragon was passing through Paris, and its Colonel, the Count de Choiseul d'Aillecourt, wrote Mme. de Tourzel saying he regretted not to be able to show his regiment to the Dauphin.

When Mme. de Tourzel told the Dauphin this he answered: "My God, it's fine to have a regiment at my age! I should like to see it."

"What answer shall I make for you?" she asked.

"That embarrasses me. Answer for me, please."

As his teachers were always anxious to make the little prince frame his own replies in such circumstances, the wily Mme. de Tourzel said: "I am going to reply that the Dauphin, not knowing what to say at his age, will answer when he is bigger."

"How naughty you are!" he exclaimed. "What will the regiment say of me?"

Then he got into a violent rage and began to stamp and beat his hands, but this exhibition of temper had

no effect on Mme. Severe, as he sometimes called his governess, except to make her laugh at him.

Seeing that he was not going to get his own way he looked at her with a stern air and said: "Well, I will answer by myself since you don't wish to help me. Say to M. de Choiseul that I should have much liked to see my regiment and to put myself at its head, and he is to tell it so from me; and at the same time thank him for all he has made me say of his and my regiment."

During the winter of 1790-91 the daily life of the royal family continued much as before; but the political situation was growing graver and graver. The more violent revolutionists were anxious to get rid of the Queen by hook or by crook.

First, attempts were made to persuade her to leave the country, but she refused to forsake her husband and children. Then schemes for bringing her to trial or assassinating her were seriously discussed; finally the idea of persuading the King to divorce her was mooted, and the infamous Mme. de la Motte was brought over from England as a witness against her.

Throughout this period Mirabeau's conduct was equivocal, for while behind the scenes he was intriguing with the royal family, he often made attacks upon them in the National Assembly, causing them to doubt the sincerity of his offers of support. He seems to have believed that if only the King and Queen would make an effort to become popular and accept a ministry which the people approved, the monarchy might be maintained as a constitutional monarchy—it was absolutism, not the crown, he wished to see abolished.

On the 2nd April, 1791, he died after a short illness, and with him, as he said on his death-bed, perished the last hopes of the French monarchy.

The King desired to spend Easter that year at St. Cloud, but when his intention became known it met

with the most violent opposition. On Palm Sunday a crowd gathered outside the Tuileries to protest against the projected journey, and as the National Guards sided with them de la Fayette had great difficulty in restoring order.

On the following morning, the 18th April, a great crowd collected in the Place du Carrousel, and Mme. de Tourzel, who had been to visit her sister, had some trouble in getting back to the palace.

At ten-thirty the luggage was all packed and the royal family actually in the carriage ready to start when some grenadiers seized the horses' heads and despite the efforts made by de la Fayette and Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, to restore order, would not leave go.

"'Tis strange," said the King, putting his head out of the carriage window, "that after having given liberty to the nation I am not free myself."

The uproar continued, and the crowd insulted those about the carriage and treated M. Duras, the first gentleman of the chamber, with violence.

The Dauphin, who at first had shown no fear, was frightened when he saw the people maltreat M. Duras, and cried out: "Save him! save him!"

De la Fayette, who found that words were of no avail, offered to use force, but the King, seeing that as things were it would be dangerous for him to set out, refused the offer.

"I must go back," he said, and he and his family got out of the carriage and returned to the palace.

The King had spoken truly when he said he was not free; he was a prisoner in his own palace; and the weeks which followed the 18th April were a time of sadness and anxiety.

The Dauphin, though only six years old, felt the sorrow of those about him. One day when alone with Mme. de Tourzel and the Abbé d'Avaux he said: "How naughty all these people are to give Papa, who

is so good, such pain; I only say it to you, my good Mme. de Tourzel, whom I love with all my heart, for I know I must keep silent."

Then he threw his arms round his governess's neck and embraced her tenderly.

After this he threw himself on a settee and began to look at a book called "The Children's Friend"; the first story in it he lighted upon was called "The Little Prisoner." Immediately jumping up he ran to d'Avaux and said, with tears in his eyes: "See! my good Abbé, the book I have come across."

He was devotedly attached both to his tutor and his governess—though his mother always held the first place in his heart—as the two following anecdotes show.

One day when d'Avaux was teaching him grammar the little boy gave as examples of the three degrees of comparison: "My Abbé is a good Abbé," positive; "My Abbé is better than another Abbé," comparative; while the superlative was: "My Mamma is the tenderest and most lovable of all mammas." On another occasion he said to d'Avaux: "I am very fortunate. I have so good a father and mother, and you and my good Mme. de Tourzel are a second father and mother to me."

If he had a warm heart he had also a quick understanding, and showed great intelligence by never saying or doing anything in the presence of strangers which might have compromised or brought suspicion on his parents, whose every word and action were jealously watched. This is proved by several incidents which Mme. de Tourzel relates in her memoirs.

Like most little boys of his age he was fond of playing at soldiers, and had the costume of an ancient French Chevalier, with helmet, cuirass and lance, but readily understood that he must only wear this in private lest some of the spies who infested the palace

should have cited it as a proof that his parents were imbuing him with reactionary ideas.

One day he wished to visit his mother's room in this costume, but she said he must not do so until he had named the chevalier he represented.

"It is the Chevalier Bayard," answered the Dauphin—"without fear and without reproach."

Another time when he had been reading with his tutor of the exploits of Hannibal and Scipio, he said: "I like Scipio best—he is my hero."

"Would you like to see his shield?" asked d'Avaux.

"I should be enchanted!"

D'Avaux accordingly asked his friend the Abbé Barthélemy to bring a shield which was, or was supposed to be, Scipio's.

The little boy examined the shield carefully, and then fetching his sabre began to rub it on the shield.

"What are you doing, Sire?" asked Barthélemy.

"I am rubbing my sabre on the shield of a great man."

Barthélemy was still at a loss to understand his action, until d'Avaux explained that he was imitating some grenadiers who had rubbed their sabres on the tomb of the great Marshal Saxe at Strasburg.

His powers of self-restraint were put to a rather severe test when the architect Palloi brought him a present of dominoes made of stones from the Bastille. The Queen dared not refuse the gift, but feared that her little son might make some indiscreet remark when it was offered to him. She accordingly instructed him to say: "I am very grateful, sir, for the idea you have had that a game of dominoes might amuse me."

The Dauphin was in his little garden when Palloi brought the present to him. The boy was furious at having to accept such a present, and Palloi made matters worse by remarking that he ought to like the

dominoes all the better because they were made of stones from the Bastille.

The little boy, however, restrained his anger and answered as he had been told to do; but as soon as Palloi was gone he ran into the palace and begged that the dominoes might never be mentioned to him again.

But perhaps the most striking instance of the Dauphin's cleverness and discretion at this time is shown by the following incident.

The royal family was playing a game which consisted of everyone telling an anecdote in turn.

"I know a very funny one!" cried the Dauphin. "There was a crier at the door of the National Assembly who sold the decrees as soon as they were printed. To use as few words as possible he cried: 'A penny! a penny the National Assembly!' A wag who was passing by said: 'My friend, you say truly what it is worth, but not what it costs us.' You'll allow that that is funny."

Thereupon Mme. de Tourzel, who had forbidden him to talk about the National Assembly, looked at him severely and said: "Who told you that little story?"

The Dauphin promptly replied: "The Abbé d'Avaux, who taught us this game, said, Madame, that everyone was obliged to tell a story, but it is not part of the game to say whom you got it from."

A remarkably shrewd answer for a child of six.

CHAPTER IV

THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES

The death of Mirabeau and the scene which took place at the Tuileries on the 18th April decided the King to attempt to escape from Paris, a step which he had hitherto been unwilling to take. Careful preparations were made and only persons in whom the King and Queen felt entire confidence were let into the secret.

The plan was that Marshal de Bouillé, under pretence of guarding the frontier, should establish a camp at Montmédy and assemble about ten thousand men belonging to the most loyal regiments there. The King and his family were to leave Paris in disguise and travel to Montmédy by way of Châlons, St. Ménéhould, Clermont and Varennes; at several points on the road small detachments of soldiers were to be posted to escort the royal party, Bouillé announcing that these detachments were intended to convoy a large sum of money which was being sent from Paris to pay the troops.

The Queen undertook to make all the arrangements for the escape from Paris and the journey as far as Châlons, while the first of Bouillé's detachments was to await the arrival of the royal fugitives at Pont-de-Sommevelle, about nine miles farther on. In making her preparations Marie Antoinette had the assistance of a young Swedish nobleman, Count Fersen, her devoted and faithful admirer.

It was he who had built for her a large travelling

carriage called a berline, and obtained the passport of a Russian lady, the Baroness de Korf, who pretending that her passport had been accidentally burned, gave it to Fersen and obtained a duplicate for herself. Since the Baroness de Korf's party consisted of herself and her two children, a valet and two waiting-women, it was necessary that the royal party should correspond; so the King decided to impersonate the valet, the Queen and the Princess Elizabeth the two waiting-maids, and Mme. de Tourzel the Baroness.

The Queen had asked M. d'Agoult to recommend her three members of the old royal bodyguard to carry despatches, adding that they need not be specially intelligent so long as they were strong and faithful. The three men he recommended were de Valory, de Moutier and de Malden, and these three, disguised as couriers in yellow liveries, accompanied the royal family on their journey.

The members of the party all adopted assumed names—the King was called M. Durand, the Queen Mme. Rochet, the Princess Elizabeth Rosalie, the two children Amélie and Agläe, and the three bodyguards François, Melchior, and St. Jean respectively.

The 19th June was the day originally fixed for the flight, but since a chambermaid who was suspected of being a spy was in attendance that day it was decided to put off the departure until the morrow. This was unfortunate, and probably did as much as anything else to render the attempt at escape abortive.

Somehow, it is not exactly known how, it had leaked out that the King contemplated fleeing from Paris, but it does not appear that any of the details of the plan had been divulged, or the exact time at which he intended to make the attempt, since on the very morning of the King's departure Gouvion, the Major-General of the National Guard, told Valory, who had

gone to pump him, that he would bet his head the King had not the least desire to leave Paris.

On the evening of the 20th June the Queen, to lull suspicions as far as possible, took her children for a walk, and on her return to the palace gave orders to the commandant of the battalion of National Guards on duty about their walk on the following day, while Mme. de Tourzel, after ordering her bath for the morrow, went up as usual with her lady's maid to the Dauphin's room at ten o'clock.

A few minutes later the Queen entered the room and woke the Dauphin; she told him that they were going to a military station, and the little boy was so delighted with the idea, thinking he would have a regiment of his own to command, that he jumped up at once and cried: "Quick! quick! Make haste—give me my sabre and boots, and let us start!" His mother had, however, decided to disguise him as a girl, so he was dressed in a linen frock and bonnet, but despite his unmartial attire he was so excited at the thought that he was going to join the army he did not sleep a wink all the way to Varennes.

On the ground floor of the Château was a room formerly inhabited by the Duke de Villequier; as the room had been for some time unoccupied no sentinel was posted at its door, so that through it the royal family could escape unnoticed. To avoid attracting attention they did not all leave the Château together, but at eleven o'clock Mme. de Tourzel and the two children set out first, leaving the others to follow later.

On the Place du Carrousel, at the corner of the Rue Saint-Nicaise, a cab was waiting to receive them; this cab had been hired by Fersen in a remote part of Paris, and he himself, artfully disguised, was acting as coachman. Mme. de Tourzel and the children got in, and Fersen, fearing to attract attention by remaining too long on the same spot, took

them a drive along the quays and back by the Rue St. Honoré.

While they awaited the arrival of the others outside the Hôtel Gallarbois, a driver on the box of an empty cab, taking Fersen for a brother Jehu, got into conversation with him, but so well did Fersen play his part that the man did not discover he was not really a cab-driver. So carefully had Fersen thought out all the details that he was not only able to talk stable slang to the cabman but could even offer him a pinch of snuff out of a battered old snuff-box such as any cabman might have carried.

Also, while they were waiting, de la Fayette went by and the Princess Royal recognized him; Mme. de Tourzel at once hid the Dauphin under her petticoats, and though, as she says, she was "on thorns," she assured the children there was no cause for alarm.

At half-past eleven the Queen and the Princess Elizabeth, both simply dressed as befitted the Baroness de Korf's waiting-women, and wearing broad-brimmed hats to conceal their faces as much as possible, left the Château, the Queen leaning on the arm of M. de Moutier and the Princess on that of M. de Malden.

Just as they reached the great gate of the Court Royal they met de la Fayette's carriage surrounded by guards and torch-bearers; the Queen took fright and shrank back to the wall, though de Moutier assured her that since the torch-bearers were between her and the carriage no one in the carriage could possibly recognize her. The incident was unfortunate, for the Princess Elizabeth and de Malden had got some little distance ahead, and de Moutier, on going out of the gate, unluckily took the wrong turning, with the result that for some time he and the Queen were wandering about on the south side of the river, afraid to ask their way lest they should arouse suspicion.

Bailly and de la Fayette had visited the King at bed-time, and Louis pretended to be in no hurry to retire; he even undressed and went to bed, but as soon as his unwelcome visitors were gone he got up again and dressed himself in a grey suit and a large wig; his disguise was intended to make him resemble a certain M. de Coigny, whom the guards had seen leaving the Château every evening for a fortnight.

As he crossed the court accompanied by de Valory, one of the buckles of his shoes came off, and he had to stop and readjust it; but nobody took any notice of him, and in due course he reached the spot where the cab with Fersen on the box and his sister, his children and Mme. de Tourzel inside, awaited him. The Queen had not yet arrived, and her absence began to cause anxiety; at last, however, she came, and the party was now ready to start.

Still, valuable time had been wasted, and more was lost by Fersen, who was not familiar enough with the streets of Paris to risk taking a short cut, having to go a long way round to keep to streets which he knew. At last, however, the cab reached the Port St. Martin, where the berline with the horses ready harnessed was waiting.

The royal fugitives were quickly transferred to the berline, and Fersen, who was himself to accompany them during the first stage, mounted the box. De Valory was sent forward on horseback to Bondy to order a change of horses and meet two waiting-women, Mme de Neuville and Mme. Brunyer, who had gone ahead in another carriage. The cab which had done such good service was left to take care of itself by the wayside.

Unfortunately the postilion who had driven the two waiting-women to Bondy was still there when the berline arrived, and saw Fersen quit the box and drive away in his own carriage—a circumstance which as soon as he heard of the King's flight must have

convinced him that the berline had contained the royal family and put him in a position to indicate the route they had taken.

Between Bondy and Châlons a slight accident occurred: one of the traces broke. As it only took a short time to repair the damage, six minutes according to de Valory, the delay caused was not serious. The spirits of the party were rising, for they believed that having safely escaped from Paris and its immediate neighbourhood the most difficult and dangerous part of the journey was over.

"François," said the Queen to de Valory, "it seems to me that things are going well; we should have been stopped if we were going to be, they have not known of our departure."

"Madame," he replied, "at twelve leagues from Paris our anxieties are over. We should have been overtaken by now if anything had been noticed after our departure from the Château. We need have no fear. Yes, Madame, all is going well."

Soon after this they reached Châlons, where the Duchess of Angoulême, in the brief account of the journey she wrote, says many people recognized them and wished them Godspeed.

It was at Pont-de-Sommevelle that the first serious hitch occurred. There it had been arranged that the Duke de Choiseul, with a body of hussars, should meet the royal party and escort them on their way, picking up as they went other bodies of troops stationed at various points on the route. Some time in the morning Choiseul had reached Pont-de-Sommevelle, where he had been joined by the Baron de Goguelat and forty hussars. He gave out, as it had been arranged, that he had come to guard a large sum of money which was being sent from Paris to the army.

The King was due to reach Pont-de-Sommevelle early in the afternoon; but the hours passed, and he

did not come. The inhabitants of the place also began to be suspicious, and at four o'clock Choiseul and Goguelat came to the conclusion that for some reason or other the King must have decided not to make the journey. They accordingly rode away, and if Bouillé is to be believed Choiseul actually sent a message to the officers in command of the detachments at Sainte-Ménéhould and Clermont saying: "It does not seem that the treasure will pass to-day; I am leaving to join M. de Bouillé; you will receive fresh orders to-morrow."

Choiseul has been greatly blamed for acting as he did, and with justice, for even if he was right in thinking his prolonged stay at Pont-de-Sommevelle was beginning to arouse suspicion, and that therefore it was expedient for him to withdraw, he was wrong in concluding that because the King was some hours behind time he was therefore not coming at all; a more prudent man would have taken the possibility of unforeseen delays into account and have made arrangements to keep in touch with the point at which he had been ordered to await the King.

His mistake, however, was due to an error of judgment, not to lack of courage or fidelity, and probably had the effect of lulling any suspicions his prolonged stay in the place had aroused.

De Valory, who had been sent ahead of the carriage, reached Pont-de-Sommevelle about half an hour after Choiseul had left it. Though a good deal upset at not finding Choiseul and the hussars, he prudently refrained from asking too many questions, and had the horses harnessed against the King's arrival.

Whatever signs of commotion Choiseul may have noticed in the place, the people made no attempt to stop the carriage; and the royal fugitives continued their flight uninterrupted.

At Sainte-Ménéhould, twelve miles farther on, de

Valory, who had again been sent ahead to see that a relay of horses was ready, found at first no troops waiting the arrival of the carriage; but he saw, what greatly disturbed him, a number of National Guards; the place, moreover, seemed to be in a state of commotion—the streets were full of people; the drums were being beaten. A little later he saw Marquis d'Andouin, who was in command of the dragoons which had been sent to Sainte-Ménéhould. To his dismay he learnt that the populace was trying to corrupt the troops and that d'Andouin could no longer rely on their fidelity.

A few minutes afterwards the berline arrived, and de Valory had the horses harnessed as speedily as possible. While this was being done d'Andouin indiscreetly went up to the carriage and spoke to the King, causing a crowd to gather round. Maybe the King incautiously put his head out of the window to reply; anyway he was seen and recognized by Drouet the postmaster, an ardent republican.

No opposition, however, was raised to the departure of the carriage, and the fugitives pursued their way to Clermont.

Exactly what followed at Sainte-Ménéhould it is not easy to decide; Drouet, who claimed all the credit of recognizing the King, said that he examined the portrait of the King printed on an assignat and was absolutely convinced that the man he had seen in the carriage was none other than Louis XVI himself; others assert that a number of people in the crowd had recognized the King, and that Drouet only gained assurance from their concurrence.

As soon as it was known that the King had passed through the town everything was in an uproar. D'Andouin tried to rally his troops to follow the royal carriage, but persuaded by the townsfolk they revolted, and he himself was arrested. Drouet, meanwhile, had mounted his horse and ridden off

with the intention of heading the fugitives and securing their arrest at some point farther along the route.

At Clermont, the next point at which the carriage stopped to change horses, all appeared quiet. The Count de Damas, who had been posted there with a party of dragoons, had received word from Choiseul that the King was not likely to come that day, and had ordered his soldiers to unsaddle their horses; he thought it best not to reassemble them and follow the royal carriage till it had gone some distance from the town for fear of arousing the suspicions of the inhabitants.

While the horses were being changed Damas remained aloof and gave no sign of interest in the carriage or its occupants until Mme. de Tourzel made a signal to him to approach; then he went to the carriage and spoke for a few minutes to her. She told him how tired the children were, and asked him some questions about the road they had still to traverse; the King and Queen also spoke to him, but the whole conversation only lasted a minute or two and as far as Damas could tell attracted no notice among the bystanders.

The King and his companions therefore had no difficulty in leaving Clermont, but hardly were they safely out of the town when Drouet arrived with the news of the King's flight. The tocsin was rung, and all was soon in confusion; seduced by the populace, "who threatened, caressed them and gave them drink," Damas' dragoons mutinied, and when he ordered them to draw their sabres and force their way out of the town they nearly all "made a movement as if to fix them more firmly in the scabbard and remained where they were."

Just then some municipal officers came and bade Damas defer his departure till the morrow. Seeing that he was powerless Damas cried out: "He who

loves me follow me!" and fled from the town, followed only by one or two of his men.

Damas says that when the carriage holding the royal family left Clermont the order "To Varennes!" was given, and thinks that the postilions who had driven from Sainte-Ménéhould heard the order and so were able to tell Drouet the route the fugitives had taken. Drouet lost little time in Clermont, and later, by taking a short cut across country, was able to reach Varennes before them.

De Valory, who rode in advance of the carriage, did not find a relay of horses in the outskirts of the town as he expected, nor the younger Bouillé and the Count de Raigemont who were in charge of them, nor M. Rohrig who should have been there with troops to escort the party. He went into the town, where all seemed quiet, and made such inquiries as he dared, but without success, for the relay was at an inn called the Grand Monarque, at the far end of it.

While in doubt what to do next he heard on the one side the wheels of the carriage approaching, on the other sounds in the town where he saw people coming out into the street with lights. This decided him to rejoin the King.

When he reached the carriage Louis said to him: "François, we are betrayed! A courier who has just passed has forbidden the postilions to go farther, and ordered them on behalf of the nation to unharness, adding that they are conducting the King."

Just then they heard the drums begin to beat and the tocsin to sound, presaging that the town would soon be up in arms to bar their progress.

Shortly after, de Moutier, whom the King had sent in search of the officer in command of the troops, and the Queen and de Malden, who had gone to look for the horses, returned.

Since there seemed to be no hope of finding fresh horses the bodyguards endeavoured to persuade

the postilions to go on to the next stage by offering them double pay; this, however, they refused to do, saying that their horses were dead beat. So the King decided to go to an inn on the far side of the town and rest the horses there.

All hope of escape had already been cut off, though the fugitives did not know it, for Drouet had had the bridge over which they must pass to get out of Varennes blocked by overturning a furniture wagon on it.

When the carriage containing the waiting-women, which preceded the berline, reached the archway which connected the upper and lower half of the town, it was stopped and the travellers' passports were demanded. The passport was immediately produced, and since it appeared to be in order they were told that when it had been viséd they would be allowed to proceed.

While this was being done an officer came up to the carriage and told the King he could show him a ford by which he could pass the river; aware from the ringing of the tocsin and the shouts of the people that the town was already in a state of commotion, Louis refused the offer, fearing a riot might ensue, and bade the officer go and summon Bouillé to come to the rescue as soon as possible.

Rohrig, meanwhile, having heard of the King's arrest, fled to carry the news to Bouillé, and Raigemont and the younger Bouillé took the relay of horses and their postilions to a point a little north of the town to be in readiness in case the King escaped.

After a while M. Sauce, the procurer of the Commune, appeared on the scene, and told the King and Queen that the municipal council had been deliberating on the question of allowing them to pursue their journey, "but as," said he, "there is a rumour about that it is our King and his family that we have the honour of possessing within our walls,

I have the honour of begging them to allow me to offer them my house as a place of security."

Seeing the crowds that were collecting, and hearing the shouts of the people, Louis dared not refuse, though he did not yet admit his identity.

The Dauphin and his sister were immediately put to bed, and being worn out by the journey of twenty-three hours, for it was now nearly midnight, were soon fast asleep. The elder members of the family, however, had no thought of repose. A number of people pressed into the room where they were, and several, including Dr. Mangin, declared that they recognized them; for a time they persisted in denying their identity, but at last, when many had asserted the pretended Baroness and her valet to be the King and Queen, they abandoned all further attempt at concealment as useless.

A second time a deputation waited on them and said that, being sure it was the King who had come among them, they came to take his orders.

"You ask my orders, gentlemen," replied Louis. "Have my horses harnessed and set me on the road to Montmédy."

Sauce said that he would consult the Commune, and ere long returned and announced that the King's orders should be obeyed, and that a detachment of the National Guard would act as escort. But it soon became evident that Sauce and the Commune of Varennes were only manœuvring to gain time, for the crowd in the street increased every moment, and cries of "To Paris!" began to be heard.

About four o'clock yet another deputation arrived to say that the people being absolutely opposed to the King pursuing his journey, a courier had been despatched to Paris to ask instructions of the Assembly. The hours of the night passed wearily away for the prisoners, for all the while they could hear the shouts and menaces of the people who thronged the streets.

M. Deslon, who had come from Dun with a party of fifty men, managed to get into the town and offered to attempt to rescue the royal family by force, but the King, convinced that it would only cause a useless sacrifice of life, declined the offer. Damas arrived from Clermont, and later Choiseul and Goguelat, but most of the troops in the town had joined the mob and the officers could effect nothing.

Not long after Romeuf, de la Fayette's aide-de-camp, and Bayon, a commandant of the National Guard, who had been despatched from Paris in pursuit of the fugitives, reached Varennes, bringing with them the decree of the National Assembly ordering Pétion, Barnave and La Tour Maubourg to bring the King back to Paris.

The King and Queen, who were helpless in the hands of their captors, did everything in their power to delay starting—the Dauphin and his sister, they urged, were greatly fatigued by the journey and needed a longer rest, while the Queen said that she could not leave her waiting-woman, Mme. de Neuville, who was, or pretended to be, taken violently ill, uncared for. Every moment's delay they could secure increased the chance that Bouillé might arrive in time to rescue them.

But what they hoped Romeuf feared, and all their pleadings were in vain. At eight o'clock in the morning they were compelled to start on their journey back to Paris.

At nine o'clock, only one hour too late, Bouillé reached Varennes, but his horses were exhausted by a forced march of twenty-seven miles through a difficult country, and he felt that even if it had been possible for him to pursue the mob which was conducting the King and attempt to rescue him he would be endangering the lives of the royal captives. He therefore took the only course open to him and retired.

Thus the King's flight from Paris ended in

disaster. The chief reason for its failure, apart from unforeseen accidents, was no doubt an excess of caution, for the parties of soldiers posted along the route which were designed to protect the fugitives served only to arouse suspicion. The Count of Provence, who had left Paris the same night as his brother, had escaped safely to Flanders, unprotected by any military escorts.

Other reasons, it is true, have been alleged—the use of a new berline instead of a less conspicuous carriage, and the yellow liveries of the bodyguards; but it does not in fact appear that these attracted any particular attention. Others have laid the blame on Choiseul for forsaking his post at Pont-de-Sommevelle, but when the mutiny of d'Andouin's troops at Sainte-Ménéhould is remembered it may be doubted whether anything Choiseul could have done would have retrieved the situation.

Had the fugitives not been several hours behind time everything might have been different and the plan might have succeeded. And that they were late was due to accident rather than to any culpable carelessness. The King, it seems, did not, as has been asserted, cause delay by walking up the hills, or waiting to take meals, or talking to people on the way. Meals were taken in the carriage, and the King only got out once during the whole journey for a few minutes. Altogether they covered a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles in twenty-three hours—not such bad going, considering the conditions under which they travelled.

A second cause, then, of the failure of the attempt was that the time-table had been calculated too exactly and not sufficient allowance had been made for unexpected delays and mischances: and the very thoroughness with which the Queen and Bouillé laid their plans proved in the upshot their undoing.

If the King and Queen had made their escape in

the same manner as the Count de Provence and his wife did, they might have reached the frontier in safety, but the King's brother could take risks which the King and his family could not; and if no provision had been made to protect them on the way and they had been captured, Bouillé would have been blamed for not sending troops to escort them.

It is always easy after the event to blame those who have failed, though the failure may have been due rather to mischance than to plans ill-laid or ill-executed.

CHAPTER V

THE TUILERIES ONCE MORE

The journey back from Varennes was one long agony for the royal family; their carriage was escorted by several thousand National Guards, five hundred Dragoons and a miscellaneous mob from the surrounding towns and villages: as the greater part of this crowd was on foot the carriage had to proceed at a walking pace and its occupants had to listen to incessant cries of "Long live the Nation and the National Assembly!" The unfortunate bodyguards who sat on a seat behind the carriage were the special objects of popular indignation—insults were heaped upon them and filth thrown at them.

The Mayors of the towns through which the procession passed, when they came to bring to the King the keys of the town, reproached him for having left Paris, and in every possible way he was made to feel that he was being led back to the capital as a captive. At Sainte-Ménéhould the royal family had to show themselves to the crowd, and when the Queen appeared leading the Dauphin by the hand she was greeted with cries of "Long live the Nation!"

Not far from Sainte-Ménéhould a terrible tragedy occurred: the Marquis de Dampierre, a nobleman who lived in the district, came to pay his respects to the King, and as soon as he was recognized as an aristocrat cries of "Cut his throat!" resounded on every side; he attempted to escape, but was overtaken, dragged from his horse and cut to pieces. A few

minutes later his murderers returned with his head and limbs impaled on the ends of pikes.

At Châlons, which they reached late in the evening, the King and Queen were respectfully received by the municipality as well as the people; supper was prepared for them on a grand scale, and the girls of the town brought the Queen presents of flowers: some of the people of Châlons even offered to help the King to escape, but Louis would not forsake his family.

On the morrow, as they continued their journey, some of those near the carriage complained of being hungry, and the Queen offered them some food.

"Don't touch it!" somebody cried. "It is sure to be poisoned since they offer it to us."

Thereupon the King and his children ate it to prove that it was not poisoned, "which," says Mme. de Tourzel, "lessened their ferocity a little."

At Épernay, where they stopped to dine, they met with a very hostile reception, the President telling the King he ought to be grateful to the town for presenting its keys to a fugitive King. Here it was that a ruffian said to those about him: "Hide me that I may fire at the Queen without being seen!"

At dinner no one was inclined to eat, and the King had to leave the table to show himself to the crowd, which kept demanding his departure.

As the procession was passing on its way from Épernay to Dormans another tragedy nearly occurred; a priest who had come to pay his respects to the King was being murdered by the mob, but the arrival of three commissioners who had been sent by the Assembly—Pétion, Barnave and La Tour Maubourg—saved his life.

From this time onwards Pétion and Barnave travelled in the royal carriage, while La Tour Maubourg, who did his best to protect the women and children from insult, travelled with the waiting-women. Pétion's behaviour was very insolent, and he

even made the Princess Elizabeth give up her seat beside the King and Queen that one of the commissioners might occupy it. Barnave's behaviour, on the other hand, was throughout respectful and courteous.

They passed the night at Dormans, but can have slept little, for the town was in an uproar all night, and as soon as dawn began to break, cries of "Long live the Nation and the National Assembly!" rent the air. It was at Dormans that the Dauphin dreamed he was in a wood full of wolves, and that his mother was in danger. He woke up sobbing, and nothing would comfort him until he was taken to her; when this had been done, and he was assured that she was safe, he went to sleep again and slept till it was time to start.

Throughout the day the heat was excessive, and the royal family was nearly smothered by the dust, but they were not allowed to pull down the blinds of the carriage, because the mob wished to see them all the time.

The Princess Elizabeth talked to Barnave and tried to justify the King's conduct to him; he listened respectfully, and from that time forward became a friend to the royal family. As there were now five grown people in the carriage, the Dauphin had to sit on his mother's knee and the Princess Royal on that of her aunt or Mme. de Tourzel in turn.

Between Dormans and Château Thierry some of the mob decided to murder the three bodyguards, and it was only the prompt intervention of Barnave which saved their lives.

At la Ferté-sous-Jouarre a touching little incident occurred. The Mayor, Renard, who was kindly disposed towards the royal family, had a simple but well-served dinner ready for them, and his wife, who out of consideration for their feelings did not wish to sit down to table with them, disguised

herself as a cook and waited upon them. The night was spent at Claye, in the house of the Bishop, who treated his guests with civility.

In the morning a mob of blackguards wished to act as an escort, and the two battalions of National Guards who had been sent out from Paris had some difficulty in keeping them in restraint. So amid tumult and disorder the fourth day of the dolorous pilgrimage began. The heat was stifling and the dust choking; while the nearer the procession drew to the capital the more hostile and threatening became the attitude of the crowd; the Queen wept, and the Dauphin from time to time uttered cries of terror.

To make the entry into the city more impressive, orders had been given that the procession should pass round the outskirts of Paris and enter it from the west, through the Champs Elysées.

A vast crowd was awaiting the returning fugitives, all with their heads covered, even those who had no hats having wrapped them in dirty napkins. The National Guards who lined the route stood with their arms reversed, and an ominous silence reigned, only broken from time to time by cries of " Long live the Nation! " for placards had been put up announcing that anyone who cheered the King would be flogged and whoever insulted him would be hanged.

When they reached the Tuileries the National Guards had to exert themselves to protect the King and his companions from the fury of the mob, which was particularly incensed against the Queen and the three bodyguards.

One of the National Guards took the Dauphin in his arms, probably to carry him safely into the Château, but the little boy began to scream with terror and was only quietened when the National Guard handed him over to M. Hue, one of the King's valets.

The members of the royal family all reached the

Château in safety, but the bodyguards were less fortunate, for all were badly mauled and wounded by the crowd.

The royal family were now treated definitely as prisoners; officers appointed for the purpose kept watch in every room, and sentinels were posted on all the staircases. One of the officers showed such absurd zeal that he even sent sweeps up the chimneys to make sure that his prisoners could not escape up them. Feeling ran high in Paris; caricatures of the royal family were posted on the walls and scurrilous songs attacking the Queen were sung in the streets.

The King and Queen dared not show their faces outside the palace, and when the Dauphin went out for a walk on the terrace near the river the people on the quays greeted him with shouts of "Long live our little King!" This at first amused the child, but when d'Avaux and Mme. de Tourzel explained to him that these cries meant that the people desired the dethronement, perhaps the death, of his father, he was horrified and understood why he was forbidden to walk any more on the terrace.

On the 17th July a mob gathered in the Champ de Mars with the intention of attacking the Château, but Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, ordered the National Guard to fire on them, and a dozen or more were killed. Though the King was in no way responsible for Bailly's quite justifiable action, he had to bear a good deal of the odium it caused.

Mme. de Tourzel was kept in confinement in a dressing-room belonging to the Dauphin's suite, and for a time was not even allowed to speak to the Dauphin. Later, when the rigour of her confinement had been a little relaxed, she asked him why she had been deprived of her liberty.

The Dauphin, who it seems had deliberately fought shy of her, answered: "It is for having followed Papa."

"Do you think, then," said Mme. de Tourzel, who was hurt by his behaviour, "it is a criminal action to have given the King marks of respect, of my attachment, of my devotion to his person? Tell me, pray, by what name you would qualify the conduct you pursue, and what do you suppose your dear Pauline, of whom you speak so often, will think of it?"

At this the little boy blushed and threw himself into Mme. de Tourzel's arms, crying: "Pardon me! I have been wrong, but do not tell my dear Pauline, for she would love me no more."

The Dauphin was devoted to Mme. de Tourzel's daughter Pauline, and once begged her not to marry till he was seven, the age at which he would be removed from her mother's care and entrusted to a male tutor. The thought, then, that Pauline would love him no more was very distressing to him. One cannot help thinking that Mme. de Tourzel was a little hard on the boy on this occasion, for the officers in charge of him had forbidden him even to look at her as he crossed the room.

The political atmosphere cleared a little when the King consented to take an oath to observe the constitution; an amnesty was granted to all those who had taken part in the King's flight to Varennes, and when the royal family drove through the Champs Elysées to see the illuminations in the evening of the day on which the King took the oath there were some cries of "Long live the King!" but they were not very hearty, for the number of those in Paris who desired a republic was rapidly increasing.

Still, things were a good deal better than they had been, and the royal family enjoyed far more liberty: the Queen even ventured to take her children to see a play at the Comédie, where their appearance was greeted with applause by some of those present, and dissentient voices were for the moment overwhelmed.

The Dauphin was developing both in body and mind. He loved outdoor exercise, and knew no fear; he was fond of his lessons and so eager to learn that at times his excessive zeal had to be checked; he was naturally impulsive, but as he grew older became less passionate and easier to manage. While he was fond of his father he was more at ease with his mother, to whom he was absolutely devoted.

His heedlessness sometimes got him into trouble, as it did when he was watching some birds in the tree-tops so intently that he did not notice a hole covered with leaves, into which he fell; instead of crying, as many a child would have done, he picked himself up and said to the Queen who was with him: "Mamma, I am like the astrologer in La Fontaine, who was so busy looking at the sky that he fell into a pit."

He was often taken to the Louvre to look at the pictures, where he was specially interested in those representing incidents from Greek and Roman mythology.

One day d'Avaux asked him if he knew what the subject of a picture he was looking at was.

"It is Pyramus and Thisbe," he answered, "for there is a blood-stained veil, but I can't discover any lion."

Whether all the rather clever sayings attributed to him are true or not, there can be no doubt that he was a rather precocious and intelligent child.

In April, 1792, forty soldiers who had been sent to the galleys for mutiny and riot at Nancy were released and came to Paris, where they had a great reception. There was a triumphal procession from the Faubourg St. Antoine to the Champ de Mars, in which a pasteboard figure of Liberty was a conspicuous feature. The statue of the late King in the Place de Louis XV had been draped in a tricolour and adorned with a red cap of liberty. Cries of "Long live the Nation, Liberty, and the Sans-

culottes!" resounded on every side, and the "Ça ira" was sung.

Though the gates of the Tuileries had been shut and the guards on duty behaved well, some of the mutineers managed to get to the Château to demand a contribution to the fête. M. de Chamilly, the King's first valet, fearing to refuse, gave them something on behalf of the King and Queen; but Mme. de Tourzel declined to give anything on behalf of the Dauphin without consulting the Queen.

When the King heard what Chamilly had done he was much annoyed and rebuked him; while the Dauphin, who was present, was furious, and said to Mme. de Tourzel: "Can you imagine, Madame, conduct so cowardly as that of M. de Chamilly? What will be said in public when it is known that we have given to these ruffians? If I had been Papa I should have taken M. de Chamilly's place from him and never seen him again."

"You are very severe," replied his governess, "on an old servant of the King who is deeply attached to him. He has made a mistake, I grant you, but from a good motive and without perceiving the impropriety of the step he took."

"You are right," said the Dauphin. "I would have said to him: 'You have made a great mistake. I pardon you this time because you are greatly attached to me; but don't do the same thing again, or you will be dismissed.'"

This incident illustrates the Dauphin's tractableness and readiness to listen to reason; if quick to take offence he was easily pacified, though anything which he thought would make people speak ill of him or his family always roused his anger. The development of his character was no doubt greatly influenced by the wise manner in which Mme. de Tourzel treated him: if on occasion she could be "Mme. Severe" she could also be, and often was, "Mme. Reasonable."

When the Dauphin reached the age of seven, custom required that a governor should be appointed for him, as it was not considered desirable that young princes should remain too long under the tutelage of women. The matter was discussed in the Assembly, and various names were mentioned, among them that of Condorcet, a man who, though highly distinguished, held views very unpalatable to the King and Queen.

Louis, however, exercising an undoubted right, made the appointment himself and nominated M. de Fleurieu. The choice was not one that could reasonably give offence, for the Dauphin's governor was attached to the Constitutional party in the Assembly and was not disposed to favour royalists, as he showed by his refusal to make d'Avaux, the little prince's much-loved teacher, librarian: nor was he man in all respects welcome to the King and Queen, who disapproved of his marriage with a granddaughter of Mme. de Pompadour. Possibly the choice of Fleurieu was chiefly prompted by the King's desire to prevent having somebody far less to his liking thrust upon him.

In his letter to the National Assembly announcing the appointment Louis wrote:

> "I shall never cease recommending to the Royal Prince's governor to inspire him in good time with the respect for justice, the love of humanity and all the virtues which are suitable to the King of a free people; to teach him that a King only exists for the happiness of all, that called to maintain the execution of the laws his greatest power for constraining others to obey them is the example he gives of doing so himself. I hope that my son will some day render himself worthy of the love of the French by his attachment to the Constitution, his respect for the laws, and his constant application to all that can insure public prosperity."

In these words Louis justly describes the kind of training suited to fit a young prince for the rôle of a constitutional monarch—a rôle he so signally failed to fill himself. Though his intentions were good, he never whole-heartedly accepted the situation; he did agree to the Constitution and allowed himself to be forced into war with Austria, but he and his wife all the time had, so to speak, a foot in both camps—they could not understand that in the new order of things the King was expected rather to carry out the will of the nation than to have one of his own. The use he made of such power as was still left to him showed only too clearly how he misjudged the situation.

Fleurieu only officiated as the Dauphin's governor for a few months, and does not appear to have exercised any great influence over him.

The beautiful and unfortunate Princess de Lamballe, who had been for some time in England, when she heard how ill things were going in Paris, returned much against the Queen's wishes to share with her the troubles and dangers that threatened her —a wonderful example of unselfish devotion.

During the early months of the summer of 1792 Marie Antoinette and her children, accompanied by the Princess de Lamballe, went from time to time to St. Cloud, where they had enjoyed so happy a holiday two years before. Little did they know that for all of them, save the Princess Royal, these sunny days at St. Cloud were to be their last days of freedom and happiness.

In Paris trouble was brewing. A mob, supposed to have been instigated by Pétion, came and placed a tricolour and cap of liberty on the main gate of the Château; they shouted insults at the King and his family, and tried to force open the gates, but were successfully resisted by the constitutional guard.

Because the guard had thus faithfully performed its duty the Assembly ordered it to be disbanded.

M. de Hervilly wished the King to put himself at the head of these loyal guards and overthrow the Assembly; this proposition was discussed in the Dauphin's presence at the dinner table, and he was charged not to say anything about it in public. The little boy did as he was ordered, for he was always to be trusted in such matters, but in private to d'Avaux and Mme. de Tourzel he expressed his grief at the disbanding of the guard.

Needless to say, the King did not follow d'Hervilly's advice, and the guard was marched away to the Champ de Mars and disbanded; thus the last rampart between the royal family and the mad violence of the Parisian mob was removed.

So long as the Tuileries was protected by guards whose courage and loyalty could be trusted, the King's life and perhaps his throne were safe; once this guard was removed the way was open for Santerre and his like to work their will, the throne was doomed and the lives of the King and his family were in danger.

CHAPTER VI

THE 20TH JUNE, 1792

The position of the royal family grew daily more insecure as that of the republican party grew stronger, and the terrible 20th June, which was perhaps intended by its promoters to be the final scene in the royal tragedy, at any rate showed that the end was near. Had Louis XVI been a wiser and stronger man, or a less scrupulous one, he might conceivably have succeeded in playing the part of a constitutional monarch, but since he was the man he was, weak, vacillating, conscientious, strong only to suffer, the experiment was doomed to failure from the first.

Yielding only when he could resist no longer, using the veto which the constitution allowed him to oppose popular measures, he gave people the impression that he was insincere, when in fact he was only incapable of acting firmly and consistently.

However great our sympathy for the royal family, however firm our conviction of the King's rectitude, however just our abhorrence of the bloodthirsty and unscrupulous demagogues who sought his downfall, we shall never understand the events which led to the final catastrophe unless we remember that the political atmosphere was charged with suspicion, and that the King acted in a way which made it easy for his enemies to represent him as the secret foe of his people.

That astute person, Pierre Louis Rœderer, the procurer syndic general of the department of the

Seine, who wrote a detailed and accurate account of the events that led up to the King's imprisonment in the Temple, believed that there were four principal causes of the outbreak which took place on 20th June.

The first of these in order of time was the command given to fire on the crowd which had come to the Champ de Mars on 17th July, 1791, to sign a petition for the King's dethronement. However little the King was personally responsible for this, all the odium of it was laid upon him.

The second was the ill-advised declaration made by the Duke of Brunswick, the leader of the Austrian forces, on 7th March, 1792, in which he represented the Germanic Federation as determined to support Louis against his rebellious subjects, a declaration which gave colour to the rumour that the Queen was carrying on a secret correspondence with the enemies of France.

The third was the King's refusal to consent to two decrees passed by the Assembly, the one ordering that all priests who had not taken the civic oath should be expelled from France, the other establishing a camp of twenty thousand men just outside Paris.

The last, the dismissal of the three ministers—Roland, Servan and Clavières.

While all these things were sowing distrust of the King in the minds of the people, the early successes of the Austrian and German armies which were invading France made the revolutionaries feel that they were engaged in a life and death struggle with their King; either he or they must perish, they believed.

The patriots of the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marcel announced that on the 20th June, the anniversary of the famous "tennis court oath," they intended to plant a tree of liberty on the terrace des Feuillants hard by the Tuileries, and petitioned the Council General of the Commune to be allowed to

do so "dressed in the clothes they wore in 1789 and their arms."

Both the Commune of Paris and the Directory of the Department of the Seine forbade the concourse. The National Assembly was warned of the trouble that was brewing, but took no effective steps to prevent it, and some of the sections of Paris actually sanctioned the project.

By five a.m. on the morning of the 20th June fifteen hundred men had assembled under the leadership of the brewer Santerre, the inveterate and implacable enemy of the royal family. The mob constantly grew as it advanced, and when about noon it reached the Rue St Honoré its number was estimated at twenty thousand; they were dragging cannons with them, and among them were a number of men in uniform.

The crowd wished to present petitions to the Assembly, but the Assembly declared the gathering illegal and refused to receive them. This refusal, however, was of no avail, for the Assembly was helpless in the presence of such an armed horde, and when some of the mob had forced their way into the Hall of Session it decided to allow the rest to defile through the hall.

For two hours this strange motley crowd of "citizens and citizenesses of all the sections mingled with detachments of the National Guard" marched past the members of the National Assembly three abreast. The men were armed with pikes, halberds, hatchets, knives and bludgeons, while some of the women carried sabres. Their banners bore such sinister devices as "Down with the Veto!" "Advice to Louis XVI: The people are tired of Suffering; Liberty or Death!"

Meanwhile consternation reigned within the palace. From an early hour in the morning its occupants had heard the rumbling of the gathering

storm, and could distinguish cries demanding the recall of the patriotic ministers. As early as ten o'clock, a mob, shouting, singing and abusing the King and his family, had filled the Place du Carrousel, which lay just to the east of the palace.

The gates of the palace had been shut, and an attempt made to put it into a state of defence. As far as mere numbers went it was not ill provided: ten battalions of National Guards were drawn up on the terrace beside the palace, two on the terrace overlooking the river, four in the court facing the Place du Carrousel, two companies of gendarmes were placed before the Porte Royale, and four on the Place de Louis XV.

Inside the palace was a battalion of National Guards and two companies of gendarmes: a sufficient garrison, one might have supposed, to hold the palace against any mob. Sufficient in numbers, no doubt, had all been loyal, but unfortunately many of them were more in sympathy with the besiegers than the besieged.

While the crowd was defiling past the National Assembly two municipal officers had an audience with the King, one of whom, called Mouchet, told him that the shutting of the palace was causing trouble, and demanded that the Porte des Feuillants should be opened. Louis at last consented on condition that the crowd should pass along the terrace and out through the Cour du Manége without entering the gardens. This was accordingly done, and the mob rushed in, shouting: "Down with the Veto!" "Long live the Nation and the Sansculottes!"

After planting the tree of liberty in the garden of the Capuchins, it made its way out by the gate leading to the Pont Royal and joined the crowd which was arriving by the Rue St. Nicaise.

About four o'clock Santerre arrived in the Place du Carrousel and threatened that if the gate was not

opened he would have it blown open with cannon. A few mounted gendarmes and some of the National Guards made a faint show of resistance, but soon somebody opened the gate, and the angry mob surged in, shouting, "Long live the Sansculottes! Down with Monsieur Veto! Down with Madame Veto!"

They broke open the first door they came to with blows of a hatchet, and rushed up the grand staircase, dragging a cannon with them. There can be no reasonable doubt that the hope of some of those who had organized the riot was that the royal family would be massacred.

The King and his family were all gathered together in his bedroom, convinced that their last hour was at hand.

As soon as Louis learned that the mob had actually entered the palace he went into the œil-de-bœuf, accompanied by three of his ministers and his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, and ordered the door to be opened. Some of those who were present begged the Princess to retire, but ever valiant and devoted she replied: "I will not leave the King."

The mob pressed in, waving banners with such devices as, "Tremble, Tyrant; the people are armed!" and one man, it is said, aimed a blow at the King with his pike.

Louis sought refuge in the embrasure of one of the windows, where a few grenadiers kept the crowd off him, while the Princess Elizabeth stood in the embrasure of another window. Some men armed with pikes rushed at her, intending to kill her because they thought she was the Queen.

"The Austrian," they shouted. "Her head, her head!"

"Stop!" cried somebody, "it is Madame Elizabeth."

"Why undeceive them?" she said calmly, "their mistake might have saved the Queen."

Louis meanwhile had accepted a red cap and some tricolour ribbons, and stood thus strangely caparisoned, but calm and fearless, facing the angry mob.

"Do not fear, Sir," said one of the grenadiers who was near him. "I will defend you."

"I am not afraid," replied Louis. "Put your hand on my heart and see if it beats any quicker."

A butcher called Legendre came forward and read what he pretended was a petition full of threats and abuse.

"You have always deceived us," he cried; "you are deceiving us now. Take care! the measure is full, and the people are tired of seeing themselves your playthings."

"I will do what the constitution and the decrees order me to do," answered Louis calmly.

The Queen, who was in an adjoining room with her children, could hear the uproar, and was in an agony of suspense; knowing that her husband was in danger she was eager to join him, and her attendants had great difficulty in dissuading her from doing so.

When the noise grew louder and louder, she ran to M. Hue, crying: "Save my son!"

Hue accordingly took the Dauphin to his sister's room, where the noise could not be so clearly heard; the little boy, who was naturally terrified and could not understand the meaning of all that was going on, asked what his father and mother were doing, and Hue had to pacify him as best he could.

A little later the Princess de Tarente came to say that the Queen had retired to the Dauphin's apartments. Hue therefore hurried thither carrying the Dauphin in his arms, but hardly had he restored him to his mother when they heard a furious knocking on the door of an adjoining room.

Fearing that a mob of assassins seeking the Queen's life might break in at any moment, she and her companions fled down a secret passage and took

refuge in the King's bedroom. The pursuers soon entered the room from which their quarry had just escaped, but so cleverly was the door leading to the secret passage concealed that they did not find it, although they hewed down much of the panelling on either side of it.

The Queen all the while was a prey to the gravest anxiety, for she could hold no communication with her husband, and feared every moment that she might hear he had been murdered.

Nor were her fears groundless, for several determined attempts to assassinate the King were made, but the grenadiers who surrounded him successfully warded off the blows of his would-be murderers, while the unhappy monarch, still wearing the red woollen cap of liberty and bedizened with tricolour ribbons, stood calmly facing the howling mob, which never ceased to hurl threats and abuse at him, and when one man dared to shout "Long live the King!" they treated him with great violence.

The crowd, seeing that Santerre had arrived among them, began to yell with redoubled fury, "Down with the Veto!" "The recall of the Ministers!" "The sanction of the Decrees!"

Shortly after, two members of the Assembly, Isnard and Vergniaud, came of their own accord to try and quiet the tumult. Isnard, lifted on the shoulders of one of the mob, spoke first; he implored the people to respect the constituted authorities; promised that the National Assembly would do justice, and begged them to withdraw; but his words were without effect, as were those of his companion who tried to convince the mob that they would not obtain what they wanted by violence.

The tumult soon began again, and shouts of "Take away the Veto!" "Recall the Ministers!" resounded on every side.

About six o'clock, Santerre, who had probably

hoped that the King would have been assassinated when the crowd first broke into the palace, shouted out: "I will be responsible for the royal family! Let me manage things." He was interrupted, however, by cries of "Long live Pétion!" which announced that the Mayor of Paris had arrived upon the scene.

Pétion approached the King and said: "Sire, I have just learnt the situation you are in."

"That is most astounding," replied Louis. "This has been going on for two hours."

Pétion then assured the King he would be responsible for his safety. Lifted on the shoulders of two grenadiers he addressed the crowd, though in the general uproar he had great difficulty in making himself heard.

"Citizens!" he cried. "You have just presented your demand to the hereditary representative of the nation. You can go no further. The King cannot, and ought not, to reply to a petition presented with arms in your hands. The King will see in calm and reflection what he has to do." These words were greeted with applause, and Pétion significantly concluded by saying: "Without doubt your example will be imitated by the eighty-three departments, and the King cannot avoid agreeing to the manifest demand of the people."

This crafty speech, however, did not persuade the mob to disperse or to cease from clamour and threats; at last, urged by a municipal officer named Champion, who believed that the King's life was still in danger, Pétion again addressed the crowd.

"Citizens!" he said. "You can claim no more; return to your homes; if you do not wish your magistrates to be compromised and unjustly accused, withdraw; by remaining longer you would give occasion to the enemies of the public good to cast a slur upon your honourable intentions."

The King then ordered the doors to be opened so

that the people might go out through the gallery, and Pétion, mounted on an armchair, ordered them to do so. "The people," he cried, "have done what they ought to have done. You have acted with the pride and dignity of free men. But you have done enough. Let everyone withdraw."

Since Pétion, as Mayor of Paris, was responsible for maintaining order, and could and ought to have prevented the outrage which had that day been perpetrated on the King and his family, there is something particularly nauseous in his complimenting a mob of armed ruffians on "the dignity of their behaviour."

As the crowd filed past him they shouted "Long live Pétion!" and he, pleased no doubt at this testimony to his popularity, kept bowing and saluting.

When the room was already partly cleared, a deputation of twenty-four members of the National Assembly arrived somewhat tardily upon the scene, and their spokesman, Brunck, addressing the King, said: "Sire, the National Assembly sends us to you to ascertain the position you are in to protect the constitutional liberty which you ought to enjoy, and to partake of your dangers."

At last, while Pétion superintended the dispersal of the crowd, the King, surrounded by the deputation of the Assembly and National Guards, escaped into an inner room, after having spent four hours in the greatest peril and having been made the butt of every kind of insult and abuse; yet through it all his courage remained unshaken.

During the greater part of this time the Queen and her children had remained in the King's bedroom, a prey to the keenest anxiety, for every moment they might have heard that the King had been murdered, or might themselves have become the victims of the ruthless mob.

Bligny, one of the King's valets, had succeeded

in escaping from the palace and persuading some of the National Guards of the loyal battalion, Filles-Saint-Thomas, to come to the help of the royal family. These guards got possession of the Council Chamber, and when news was brought to the Queen that the mob was breaking in the doors of the rooms and disarming the guards, those about her persuaded her to leave the King's bedroom, where she was no longer safe, and seek refuge in the Council Chamber, where the crowd found her as they passed through the chamber on their way out of the palace.

The Queen sat at the Council table with the Princess Royal and the Princess Elizabeth, the Dauphin sat on the table at her right hand, and behind them stood the Princess de Tarente, the Princess de Lamballe, the Marquise de Tourzel and others; around the table the grenadiers of Filles-Saint-Thomas were drawn up three-deep to protect them.

Among the first to enter was Santerre. "The stroke has failed," he exclaimed, on seeing the Queen and her children—words which seem to show his hope that though the King had come through the ordeal alive the Queen at any rate might have been murdered; he ordered the grenadiers to stand aside that the people might see the Queen.

Going up to the table beside which stood several members of the National Assembly who had come in with the crowd, he said: "Princess, you have been deceived, the people do not wish to attempt your life. I tell you so in their name."

"I do not judge the French people by you, but by these brave men there," replied Marie Antoinette calmly, pointing to the grenadiers.

One of the bystanders gave her a red cap of liberty for the Dauphin, and the Queen made a sign to M. Hue to put it on his head.

At the end of about a quarter of an hour Santerre, noticing that the poor little boy was almost stifled by

MARIE-ANTOINETTE

From a portrait in the Versailles Museum, by Vigée-Lebrun.

(Photo, Neurdein)

it, said: "Take the cap off that child, he's too hot."

This was done, but the Queen herself continued to wear one which a woman in the crowd had given her.

All the while the mob passed through the chamber shouting and chattering and waving their banners, on which were such mottoes as, "Tremble, Tyrant; thine hour is come." One of them carried a model of a gallows, another a model of the guillotine below which was written, "National justice for the tyrants. Down with Veto and his Wife!"

A few here and there showed some marks of sympathy for the royal family. One woman in particular as she passed the table began to weep and sob.

"What's the matter?" said Santerre. "What's she crying for?" Then shoving her by the arm, "Get along with her, she's drunk."

And through it all the Queen stood calm and dignified with the red woollen cap of liberty on her head.

At last the long agony came to an end, and the Queen, who had already heard that her husband was safe, was at liberty to rejoin him.

She found him sitting in an armchair, utterly worn out by all he had been through. She and her children threw themselves at his feet weeping, and he embraced them tenderly.

Some members of the National Assembly who were present congratulated the King on the courage he had displayed.

"I have done my duty," he replied.

One of them, turning to the Queen, said familiarly: "You have been very much afraid, Madam, you must admit."

"No, sir," answered Marie Antoinette with dignity, "but I suffered greatly at being separated

from the King at a time when his life was in danger; at least I had the consolation of being with my children and performing my duty."

"Without pretending to excuse everything," continued the member, "you must allow, Madam, that the people have behaved well."

"The King, sir, and I," she replied, "are convinced of the natural goodness of the people. They are only ill behaved when they are misled."

"How old is she?" asked the same man, pointing to the Princess Royal.

"Of an age, sir, when she feels only too much the horror of scenes like these."

Some of the deputies asked the Dauphin questions, and were astonished at his knowledge of the geography of France, especially of the new division of the country into departments.

One of them made some reference to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and another replied: "Why speak of that? There is no Charles IX here."

"Nor a Catherine de Medici," said the Dauphin, who had overheard them.

One of the guards who had been zealous in protecting the King came into the room.

"What is that guard called who defended my father so well?" asked the Dauphin of M. Hue. "It is a name I want to know, so that I may not forget it."

"I do not know, Sire," answered Hue; "he would be honoured if you were to ask him yourself."

The Dauphin accordingly asked him, but the man would not answer.

In reply to Hue, who then put the same question to him, he said: "I ought to keep it quiet. It is the same as that of an execrable man."

His name was Drouet, that of the man who had had the King arrested at Varennes.

At ten o'clock the crowd had at last left the palace and quiet was restored.

After this terrible day the Queen taught the Dauphin to use as a prayer some lines from the opera "Peter the Great," which ran: "Heaven hear the prayer which here I make, preserve so good a father to his subjects."

On the morrow when the Dauphin awoke, hearing some commotion he turned to his mother and said: "Mamma, is it still yesterday?"

Nothing could show more clearly than these simple words all that the poor little prince had suffered during the horrors perpetrated on that black day the twentieth of June.

CHAPTER VII

FROM THE TUILERIES TO THE TEMPLE

ALTHOUGH on the 20th June, as Santerre said, the stroke had failed and the royal family had escaped alive from the mob which had invaded the palace, their position was more painful and precarious than ever. Any day a similar riot might take place, and from hour to hour they could not feel that their lives were in safety. They were indeed prisoners, but without the security which a prison wall affords.

So great was the fear with which the terrible events of the 20th June had inspired the King and Queen, that they hardly dared allow the Dauphin to set foot outside the doors of the palace.

Robbed of the air and exercise to which he was accustomed in the gardens, the little prince found the time hang heavy on his hands. His tutor, d'Avaux, did his best to keep him occupied and amused, while in the evenings his governor, Fleurieu, who had been a sailor, tried to while away the time by telling him stories of his travels in distant lands.

Child as he was, for he was only seven years old, the Dauphin noticed the anxiety of those about him, and was conscious that things were happening which he did not understand.

One day he said: "Allow that I am discreet and never compromise anyone. I am curious and love to know what is going on, but if you distrust me and hide things from me I shall never know anything."

If some of the wise sayings attributed to him have

been invented, this and many others of his undoubtedly authentic sayings prove him to have been wise beyond his years.

So ill was the Queen's bedroom guarded that on the advice of Mme. de Tourzel Marie Antoinette went to sleep in the Dauphin's bedroom. This was an arrangement which greatly delighted her son, and every morning as soon as she awoke he would run to his mother's bed to kiss and hug her.

Since the dread of assassination was ever present in their minds M. de Paroy provided the King, the Queen and the Dauphin each with a sort of cuirass made of twelve folds of taffeta which neither shot nor steel could pierce.

Mme. de Tourzel relates that she put on one of these cuirasses and tried to stab herself with a poignard, but the cuirass successfully bore the test.

On the 27th June, de la Fayette came to Paris to try and secure the punishment of those who had been responsible for the outbreak of the 20th, and restore order. His efforts, however, were of little avail. Pétion, it is true, was suspended from his office as Mayor of Paris and put on his trial, but on the 13th July he was triumphantly acquitted.

The efforts which de la Fayette made, probably did more harm than good to those whom he wished to help, for they inspired the Jacobins and republicans with a fear lest the General should employ the army to support the King by force, in which event they knew their own power would be at an end and their own lives in danger.

De la Fayette's own popularity was also on the wane, and as often happens to those who play a prominent part in the early stages of a revolution, he found himself impotent to control its later developments.

On the 14th July, on which a Federation was again held in the Champ de Mars, the royal family

had to undergo another trying experience. Things had changed greatly since the Federation which had been held two years before. The great amphitheatre which had then been set up had been allowed to go to ruin, and nothing remained undilapidated save the altar of the country. There was no throne for the King or box for his family; they had to stand on a balcony of the Military School, where a carpet alone marked the place where they were stationed.

On this occasion not only the National Guards of Paris, but deputations from all the National Guards of France were present, among them the sinister-looking contingents from Marseilles and Finistère, the ready tools of the most violent section of the revolutionists. After the Federates had marched past, the National Assembly arrived: the King joined them, so that he might go with them to the altar to take the oath: but so great was the confusion he had to stop at almost every step. After the King had taken the oath he rejoined his family and returned to the Tuileries.

A few voices were heard crying "Long live the King!" but the greater number shouted "Down with the King! Down with the Veto! Long live Pétion!"

When the Federation was over, the deputations did not at once leave Paris, and the city continued in a state of commotion, the demand for the dethronement of the King growing stronger and stronger every day.

On the 3rd August, Pétion appeared at the bar of the National Assembly and formally demanded the King's dethronement. The Assembly, however, decided to adjourn the discussion of the question till the 9th of the month.

In the interval the indefatigable Mayor of Paris was not idle; whatever the Assembly might decide about his proposition, he at any rate was determined that there should be another attack on the Tuileries.

By his orders the Marseillais were transferred from their barracks in the Rue Blanche, with their arms, cannons and banner, to the Cordeliers, where they would be at the disposal of the Club of the Cordeliers, a violently Jacobin society, and ready to attack the palace at any moment; it was probably with his connivance, if not actually by his orders, that the administrators of the police served out ball cartridge to the Marseillais.

Thus through the early days of August were preparations made for a repetition of the atrocities of the 20th June. It was late in the evening of the 9th August that the first rumblings of the storm were heard.

First came a report that the Faubourg St. Antoine was in a state of commotion, and then that three or four thousand Marseillais were assembling to attack the Tuileries. The palace was guarded by several battalions of the National Guard, some gendarmes and Swiss guards, and d'Aubier was anxious to sally forth and attack the rioters before they reached the palace, but the King would not give the order.

Mandat, the Commandant-General, complained to Pétion that the police of the municipality had refused to supply him with ammunition; he failed, however, to get any satisfaction from the Mayor, who probably was only too pleased to learn that the little garrison of the Tuileries was ill provided for making a prolonged resistance to any attack.

Throughout the night Pétion's behaviour was equivocal; he kept visiting the palace to make it appear that he was doing his best to protect the King, while if he was not actually privy to the plans of the insurgents he connived at them and wished them success.

About three-quarters of an hour after midnight the sound of the tocsin spread terror through the palace, for all those who were gathered there believed

it was the immediate prelude to a repetition of the horrors of 20th June.

One of the ministers wished martial law to be proclaimed, but Rœderer, the Procurer Syndic General of the Department of the Seine, pointed out to him that by a law passed only a few days before this could only be done when "public tranquillity was habitually disturbed."

Some of the officers who were determined to save the royal family if possible forcibly detained Pétion and persuaded or compelled him to sign an order authorizing Mandat to fire on the mob if it attacked the palace.

Some of Pétion's friends having learned that he was being kept virtually a prisoner at the Tuileries informed the National Assembly, which sent an order summoning him to appear before it to give an account of the state of the city; he assured the Assembly that there was no real danger to be apprehended, and then went off quietly home, to bed.

Slowly the hours of doubt and suspense passed by, and the dread mob did not appear. But the storm was still brewing. Rebels had turned out the Council of the Commune of Paris and seized its powers themselves.

Manuel, the procurer of the Commune, had ordered the cannon which Mandat had had placed on the Pont Neuf to prevent the junction of crowds coming from the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marcel to be removed. "These cannon," he said, "interfere with the communications of the citizens; these two faubourgs have to-day a great business to finish together."

Soon after the Commune sent an order for Mandat, whose well-known loyalty to the King rendered him odious to the King's enemies, to appear before it. The Commune committed him to prison, but as he

was being removed thither he was murdered and his corpse thrown into the Seine.

About four o'clock the Queen sent for Rœderer and asked him what they had better do.

Rœderer at once advised that the King and his family should seek refuge in the National Assembly. Royalist writers regard Rœderer as a perfidious person, who, by his advice, lured the King to his ruin. The judgment is unjust, for the fatal consequences which befell the royal family were largely, if not wholly, due to the baneful influence exercised over the Assembly by the usurping Commune of Paris, a factor which Rœderer could not possibly foresee.

He appears to have been an upright and conscientious official, who tried to do his best in a very difficult position, for while his office laid great responsibility on him it gave him little real power; and there is no evidence that he was not offering what he sincerely believed to be the best advice when he urged the royal family to put itself under the protection of the Assembly.

The Queen, however, did not relish the proposal. "You propose to lead the King to his enemy," she said. Rœderer replied that he did not believe that the Assembly was the King's enemy, and at any rate what he suggested was the least dangerous course.

His arguments, however, were at that season of no avail, and seeing that the Queen seemed determined to attempt a resistance, which he foresaw would be "at once useless and bloody," he proposed as a compromise that two of the ministers should go to the Assembly and explain the state of affairs to it. To this the Queen consented.

Soon after this shouts of "Long live Pétion! Long live the Nation! Down with the traitors and the Veto!" were heard coming from the garden, whither the King had gone to review the troops.

These cries caused the most lively alarm to those within the palace, for they showed that the National Guards, whose duty it was to protect the royal family, were hostile to them.

As the night wore on it became clear that the King could rely only on the fidelity of his Swiss Guards and some gentlemen who, armed with swords and pistols, had come to the Tuileries to protect their monarch or perish at his side.

Hardly had the King returned from the garden when more disquieting news arrived, for some members of the Council General of the Department of the Seine brought word that the Commune of Paris had served out five thousand ball cartridges to the Marseillais.

Accompanied by several of these councillors, Rœderer went down to learn the attitude of the Guard, and was soon convinced that there was little hope of their offering any resistance to the mob if it attacked the palace: for the gunmen were unwilling to fire on "their brothers," and some of them actually withdrew the charges from their cannons.

Meanwhile M. de la Chenaye, who since Mandat's departure was in command of the troops, finding himself powerless to take any effective steps for the safety of the royal family, came to the Queen and said: "This is your last day. The people are the strongest. What a carnage there will be!"

"Save the King and my children," cried the Queen. Then, followed by M. Hue, she rushed to the Dauphin's bedroom and woke him, for he alone, unconscious of what was going on, had slept peacefully through all that dreadful night.

"Mamma!" he exclaimed, kissing her hands, "why do they do ill to Papa? He is so good."

The mob had now begun to assemble in the Place du Carrousel and to beat at the gates, demanding admission. It was said that they had twelve cannons

with them, and some of the guards in the court of the palace seemed more than half disposed to open the gates and admit them.

Rœderer and some other councillors of the Department of the Seine hurried to the King's cabinet, where they found him sitting at a table with his hands on his knees; with him were the Queen, the Princess Elizabeth and the ministers.

"Sire!" cried Rœderer. "Your Majesty has not five minutes to lose: there is no safety for you save in the National Assembly. The opinion of the Department is that you ought to go there without delay. You have not men enough in the court to defend the palace, and they are not well disposed. On the mere suggestion that they should defend it, the gunners withdrew the charges from their cannons."

"But I did not see many people in the Carrousel," said the King.

"Sire! there are twelve cannons and a vast crowd is arriving from the faubourgs."

When Gerdret, another official of the Department, tried to speak in support of Rœderer, the Queen silenced him, saying: "Be quiet, M. Gerdret! It is not for you to lift up your voice here: be quiet! Let the Procurer Syndic General speak."

Then turning to Rœderer she added: "But, sir, we have troops."

"Madame," he answered, "all Paris is on the march."

Then addressing the King once more he said: "Sire, it is not a prayer we have come to make to you, it is not a piece of advice we have taken the liberty of giving you; there is only one thing to be done at this moment—we demand of you permission to carry you off!"

The King raised his head, and turning to the Queen, said: "Let us go!" and got up.

"M. Rœderer!" exclaimed the Princess Elizabeth, "you will answer for the King's life."

"Yes, Madame—with my own."

So the fatal but inevitable step was decided upon, and the King, after giving orders that the gates of the Tuileries were to be opened and no resistance to be offered to the mob, set out for the National Assembly.

Louis XVI went first, followed by Marie Antoinette and her children; Mme. de Tourzel, whom the Queen had desired to be of the party, walked behind the Dauphin, and last came the Princess Elizabeth and the Princess de Lamballe; with the royal family went the ministers, the councillors of the Department of the Seine and an escort of National Guards.

To the nobles and others whom he was leaving behind Louis only said: "I am going to the National Assembly."

When the little procession reached the foot of the grand staircase he asked Rœderer what would become of those he had left upstairs.

"Sire," answered Rœderer, "those who have swords have only got to take them off, follow you and go out through the garden."

As the royal family passed along the Terrace des Feuillants the mob insulted them, shouting: "Down with the Tyrant! Death—death!"

However, they reached the National Assembly in safety. At first they were given seats on the bench reserved for the ministers, but were soon removed to a box usually occupied by the editor of a paper called *Le Logographe*. This was hardly more than a cupboard, being only ten feet square and eight feet high; it was separated from the body of the hall by an iron grill, and on the roof of it the scorching rays of the August sun beat mercilessly down all day.

In this sweltering atmosphere the royal family and their companions were kept cooped up for four days

while the National Assembly debated their future destiny.

The only cheering news that reached them was that the ladies who had been left behind in the Tuileries had escaped, the Dauphin being specially delighted to hear that his beloved Pauline de Tourzel was safe.

At night the royal family slept in four cells at the Feuillants, which had formerly been a monastery: and since, when they fled from the Tuileries they had brought nothing with them, they lacked even the barest necessaries. The Duchess de Grammont sent the Queen some clothes, and the Duchess of Sutherland, who had a little boy about the same age as the Dauphin, also sent some clothes for him, but the rest of the party had nothing but what they stood up in.

When the King's provisional suspension had been decreed, the question arose where the royal family should lodge until the Tuileries should again be got ready for them. The National Assembly suggested the Luxembourg, but to this the Commune of Paris, which was the real master of the situation, would not agree; next the Assembly suggested the palace of the Minister of Justice in the Place Vendôme, but to this proposal also the Commune would not listen; it was insistent that the King and his family should be removed to the Temple, and to this at length the Assembly assented, and entrusted the arrangements to the Commune.

The Temple, which had formerly been the residence of the Grand Prior of the Temple, and in recent years of the King's brother, the Count d'Artois, might be regarded as a palace, and when the National Assembly agreed that the King and his family should reside there they no doubt intended that he should occupy the main building; but this was not at all the purpose of the Commune of Paris: within the pre-

cincts of the Temple was also a sort of keep or dungeon, consisting of the Great and Little Tower, which resembled a prison rather than a palace, and this was the building in which the Commune designed to incarcerate the King.

When Louis learned that he was to be removed to the Temple he drew up a list of the attendants whom he wished to accompany him; the Assembly, however, would not give its consent, and allowed only a much smaller number of attendants to go with him.

About six o'clock in the evening of the 13th August the King and his family set out on their journey from the National Assembly to the Temple. Two large carriages, each drawn by a pair of horses, conveyed them and their suite. In the first carriage went the King and Queen, the Dauphin and his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, the Princess de Lamballe, Mme. de Tourzel and her daughter Pauline, Pétion, Manuel (the procurer of the Commune) and a municipal officer named Colonges: eleven people in all. In the second carriage were the members of the suite —Mmes. Thibaud, de Basire, de Saint Brice, Navarre; M. Hue and M. Chamilly accompanied by two municipal officers.

The escort consisted of a number of National Guards, who marched with their arms reversed; the dismal procession advanced at a snail's pace through the streets of Paris, which were thronged by a crowd that kept shouting: "Long live the Nation!"

That the King might be spared no humiliation, the procession halted in the Place Vendôme, where he was shown the statue of his mighty ancestor, Louis XIV, overthrown and broken.

It was growing dusk when they at last reached the Temple after a journey which had been protracted for perhaps an hour and a half: the Court was filled with members of the Commune, soldiers and a miscellaneous crowd of sightseers, among whom the

royal family noticed the terrible Santerre, the leader of the mob on the 20th June.

They were led into the great central hall, a large room brilliantly illuminated with candles, which was thronged with municipal officers, shopkeepers, artisans and such-like persons. These people, who all kept their hats on to assert their equality, crowded round the King, plying him with questions which he answered good-humouredly.

One of them, who was lying on a sofa, began to discourse on the blessedness of equality.

"What is your profession?" asked Louis.

"A cobbler," was the reply.

Little could Louis imagine that this cobbler, Antoine Simon, was to be the future guardian and tormentor of his innocent son.

The poor little Dauphin was very cross and quite exhausted by all he had gone through; he wanted to be put to bed at once. Mme. de Tourzel accordingly asked to be allowed to take him to his room, but was informed that it was not yet ready; and having received the same reply several times, laid him on a sofa, where he fell fast asleep.

After what must have seemed an interminable interval to the weary and harassed prisoners, supper was at length served at ten o'clock by Turgy, an officer of the royal household, and two of his assistants, Chrétien and Marchand: this was doubtless a pleasant surprise to the royal family, for Turgy had not been among the attendants who were allowed to accompany the King to the Temple.

He was, however, a man of courage and resource, and having made up his mind that by hook or crook he would continue to serve his royal master he was not easily daunted. Not being able to obtain a card of entry to the Temple, he determined to make his way in without one. So accompanied by Chrétien and Marchand he went to the gate of the Temple,

where, just as they arrived, one of the King's attendants who had a card of entry went in. Turgy at once begged the officer on guard to be allowed to speak to this man, adding that he and his two companions also belonged to the King's retinue. The officer hesitated a little, but soon gave way and allowed Turgy and the others to enter the Temple.

What is even more astonishing than his gaining admission without an official permit is that he contrived to remain in the Temple for fourteen months. Again it was audacity and address which enabled this devoted and resourceful servant to remain so long in attendance on the master he loved and served so well; for when the Commissioners of the Commune asked him by whose authority he was present in the Temple, he replied that it was by that of the Committee of the Assembly, and when the next day certain deputies of the Assembly asked him the same question he answered that Pétion and Manuel had given him permission. The stroke was a bold one, but it succeeded, and Turgy and his two assistants remained in attendance on the royal family until the 13th October, 1793.

Although an excellent supper had been provided, none of the party had the heart to eat it, and they only pretended to do so for form's sake. The Dauphin was so utterly worn out that he actually fell asleep while trying to eat his soup, and Mme. de Tourzel had to take him on her knee, where he slept soundly.

While they were still at table a municipal officer came to say that the Dauphin's room was ready, and seizing the child in his arms carried him off with such speed that Mme. de Tourzel had the greatest difficulty in keeping up with him. He carried him down what Mme. de Tourzel mistakenly supposed to be an underground passage, but which was really a covered

way connecting the principal building with the tower, to a room on the first floor of the Little Tower.

This room, which measured about thirteen feet by ten feet, was furnished with armchairs covered with blue and white Utrecht velvet, a round settee, a rosewood chiffonier, a Boule cabinet and two folding beds for the Dauphin and his governess, while on the walls hung pictures more suitable to decorate the bedroom of a gay bachelor than that of a little boy of seven.

Without saying a word Mme. de Tourzel put the sleeping prince to bed and sat down beside him, a prey to the saddest reflections, fearing that she was to be separated from the Queen.

About one o'clock, however, she was consoled by the arrival of Marie Antoinette, who came to visit her little son before going to rest herself.

The Queen and her daughter slept in a room similar to the Dauphin's and separated from it by a little dressing-room which the Princess de Lamballe occupied. The King slept on the next floor in the room over the Dauphin's, and the Princess Elizabeth and Pauline de Tourzel in that over the Queen's, which had previously been used as a kitchen; while the little dressing-room over the Princess de Lamballe's room was allotted to Hue and Chamilly.

In such fashion was the royal family of France installed in the Temple.

CHAPTER VIII

LIFE AT THE TEMPLE

The royal family adapted itself to the conditions of life at the Temple with extraordinary dignity and calm. They bore with cheerfulness their confinement and the lack of the luxurious surroundings to which they had always been accustomed: though constant surveillance and the suspicion with which every word and gesture was watched by those who had charge of them were particularly galling to them.

They took their breakfast in the King's room and their other meals at regular hours in a room below the Queen's bedroom, and spent their time in such occupations and amusements as their circumstances allowed. The King read a great deal, for there was in the tower a library containing about one thousand five hundred volumes, while the Queen occupied herself by doing embroidery. They also carried on their children's education; the Dauphin was taught geography by his father, history by his mother and arithmetic by his aunt.

At five o'clock each day they walked in the garden, for the King and Queen dared not allow the Dauphin to play there alone, lest the commissioners might try to acquire an influence over him.

For a few days, but only for a few days, they had the consolation of having about them the faithful attendants who had accompanied them to the Temple, among them Pauline de Tourzel, to whom the Dauphin and his sister were devoted and in whose company they were always happy.

The Commune of Paris was, however, preparing to make their confinement more rigorous; the walls surrounding the tower were being raised, so as to cut off the royal prisoners as far as possible from any contact with the world without; and on the 15th, two days only after their arrival, an order came that all their attendants were to be removed. The King and Queen protested against this, and for the moment the order was not executed.

Four days later, however, another order was issued, that all those who had come to the Temple on the 13th August except the members of the royal family should be removed. Vainly did the Queen urge that the Princess de Lamballe, being a relative of the royal family, should be allowed to remain: they were all taken away, though on the morrow M. Hue, and M. Hue only, was allowed to return. By way of compensation a man named Tison and his wife were sent in to do the rough work; but the Tisons presence was rather an aggravation that an alleviation, for it was obvious that they had been sent to act as spies.

The one bright spot in these dark days was the advent of Cléry. He was the Dauphin's valet de chambre, and had escaped from the Tuileries on the morning of the 10th August; hearing that the King's attendants had been dismissed he went to Pétion and begged to be allowed to go and wait upon the Dauphin. At first Pétion would not hear of it, but later relented, and on the 26th August, at eight o'clock in the evening, he entered the Temple.

The monument which the Duchess d'Angoulême had erected over his grave bears this inscription: "Here lies the faithful Cléry," and never were a man's life and action better summed up in a single word than Cléry's in that one word "faithful."

For himself, for his own safety, Cléry had no thought; his sole ambition was to be of service to the

King and his family, to alleviate by every means in his power the hardships and sufferings they had to undergo: and well was it for them that Cléry had succeeded in obtaining admission to the Temple, for not many days after his arrival M. Hue was finally removed.

Perhaps the thing that irked the royal family most was the constant presence of a municipal officer in their room. These were for the most part low-bred, ignorant men, who, clad with a little brief authority, liked to make their power felt: they always kept their hats on, took away the King's sword, searched his pockets, addressed him familiarly as "Monsieur" or "Louis," and in every way possible showed that they intended to pay him no respect.

Once when the King was giving the Dauphin a Latin lesson the boy pronounced a word wrongly. "You ought to teach him better than that," said the commissioner who was present at the time.

"You are right," replied the King, "but he is very young, and I think we should wait till time and habit have loosened his tongue."

Of course all the municipal officers were not equally brutal and hostile, and some, as far as they dared, even showed a certain amount of sympathy for the royal prisoners.

On one occasion when Louis was giving his son a geography lesson, he asked him where Lunéville was.

"In Asia," replied the Dauphin.

"What!" said the officer present, "don't you know where your ancestors reigned?"

This remark delighted the King, for Lunéville had been the home of his great-grandfather, Stanislas Leckzinska, and the man's reference to the fact seemed to him a sign of sympathy.

So the days passed by until the 2nd September, the terrible day on which September massacres began.

The royal family had gone into the garden as

usual, but were soon ordered to return to their room in which Mathieu and another municipal officer joined them.

"You do not know, Sir, what is happening," said Mathieu to the King. "The country is in the greatest danger; the enemy has entered Champagne; the King of Prussia is marching on Châlons; you will answer for all the harm which may result from it. We know that we and our wives and children will perish, but the people will be avenged—you will die before us; however, there is still time, and you can——"

"I have done everything for the people," replied the King. "I have nothing to reproach myself with."

The other officer said: "If the enemy approach, the royal family must perish; I pity the Dauphin, but as he is the son of a tyrant he also must perish."

The Dauphin, who overheard what was being said, was naturally terrified, and his mother and aunt had hard work to console him.

Mathieu then arrested Hue, and he left the Temple to return to it no more. At his trial the arithmetic book which he had been in the habit of placing in the Dauphin's bed every night so that he might prepare his arithmetic lesson for the morrow was produced; it was supposed to be a book of hieroglyphics used for facilitating a clandestine correspondence carried on by the King and Queen with Hue's aid.

It is little incidents such as this which show the extraordinary ignorance and suspicion which swayed the minds of the people at that time.

At eleven o'clock on the 3rd September Manuel, the procurer of the Commune, came to the Temple and told the King that Hue would not return.

Cléry asked him if the disturbances of the previous day were continuing, and his answer made Cléry fear that the mob would come to the Temple.

"You are entrusted with a difficult service," said Manuel. "I exhort you to be brave."

And Cléry had need of all his courage in the terrible hours that followed, an account of which we give in his own words.

"At one o'clock the King and his family expressed the desire to go for a walk. They were refused. During dinner the sound of drums was heard, and soon after the cries of the mob. The royal family got up from table in a state of anxiety and gathered together in the Queen's room. I went down to dinner with Tison and his wife, who were employed as servants in the Tower.

"We had hardly sat down when a head at the end of a pike was presented at the window. Tison's wife uttered a loud cry. The murderers thought they recognized the Queen's voice, and we heard the wild laughter of these barbarians. Thinking that Her Majesty was still at table, they had so placed their victim that it could not escape her observation. It was the head of Mme. the Princess de Lamballe; though blood-stained it was not disfigured, its fair hair still curled and floated around the pike.

"I ran at once to the King. Terror had so discomposed his face that the Queen noticed it; it was important to hide the cause from her. I wished only to warn the King or Mme. Elizabeth, but the two municipal officers were present.

"'Why don't you go to your dinner?' the Queen said to me.

"'Madame,' I replied, 'I'm not feeling well.'

"At this moment a municipal guard entered the Tower, and came to speak to his colleagues with an air of mystery. The King asked them if his family was safe.

"'There's a rumour about,' they answered, 'that you and your family are no longer in the Tower; they are demanding that you should appear at the window; but we shall not allow it—the people ought to show more confidence in its magistrates.'

"The cries outside, however, increased: and insults addressed to the Queen could be very distinctly heard.

"Yet another municipal guard came in, followed by four men, sent by the people to make sure whether the royal family was in the Tower. One of them, who was dressed as a national guard, wore epaulettes, and was armed with a large sabre, insisted that the prisoners should show themselves at the window. The municipal guards opposed this.

"This man said to the Queen in the coarsest tone: 'They wish to hide from you the head of the Lamballe, which has been brought to let you see how the people takes vengeance on its tyrants: I advise you to show yourself if you don't want the people to come up here.'

"At this threat the Queen fell down in a faint. I flew to her assistance; Mme. Elizabeth helped me to place her in an armchair; her children burst into tears and tried by their caresses to restore her to consciousness. The man did not withdraw.

"The King said to him firmly: 'We are prepared for everything, sir, but you might have refrained from telling the Queen of this terrible misfortune.'

"The man then went out with his comrades; their object was achieved.

"The Queen, who had come to herself, mingled her tears with those of her children, and passed with the rest of the royal family into

Mme. Elizabeth's room, where the clamours of the people were less distinctly heard.

"I stayed a moment in the Queen's room, and looking out of the window through the blinds saw the head of the Princess de Lamballe for the second time. The man who carried it had mounted the debris of the houses which had been pulled down so as to isolate the Tower; another by his side held the bleeding heart of that unfortunate princess on the point of a sabre.

"They wished to force the door of the Tower. A municipal guard called Daujon harangued them, and I heard very distinctly what he said to them: 'The head of Antoinette does not belong to you; the departments have their rights in it: France has entrusted the custody of these great criminals to the town of Paris, it is your part to help to guard them until national justice avenges the people.'"

It was not until an hour had elapsed that Daujon persuaded the mob to depart. Four months later, when he next came to the Temple, the King thanked him for his conduct on the 3rd September.

A detail which Cléry does not mention is that before bringing the Princess de Lamballe's head to the Temple the mob had compelled a barber to dress and powder the hair, so as to make it appear more life-like when they exhibited it to the Queen's gaze. While nothing can excuse the cruelty and ferocity of the crowd, their action becomes less unintelligible when we remember that the majority of them probably believed the odious libels which represented Marie Antoinette as an unparalleled monster of female depravity and the Princess de Lamballe as the partner of her vices. Strange as it seems, some of those who mutilated the body of the beautiful, virtuous and unfortunate princess may actually have

believed she was the vile creature that the writers of filthy anonymous lampoons had depicted her, and that her murder was therefore an act of justice.

The guards of the Temple seem on this occasion to have acted well: they kept the mob from entering the Temple by stretching a tricolour ribbon across the entrance (the price of this ribbon—forty-five sous—they subsequently made Cléry refund them) and sent to the Commune, the National Assembly and Santerre for help; though no help arrived they succeeded in keeping the crowd at bay and by so doing probably saved the lives of the royal family.

Cruelly though they were suffering, the routine of their life went on much as before. After they had breakfasted, and their hair had been dressed by Cléry, Louis taught his son geography, making him fill in the names of places on a blank map, and listened to him reciting passages from Racine and Corneille which he had learnt by heart.

At one o'clock they went into the garden for an hour's exercise, where Cléry would play ball or quoits with the Dauphin. After dinner the King would take a nap, and then Cléry would give the Dauphin a writing lesson, setting him passages of Montesquieu and other writers to copy. Later the Queen would read history aloud to her children. At eight o'clock the Dauphin had his supper in the Princess Elizabeth's room, the whole family being present, and sometimes the King would amuse them by asking them riddles out of old copies of the "Mercure de France" which he had found in the library. Then the Dauphin would say his prayers at his mother's knee, including prayers for the Princess de Lamballe and Mme. de Tourzel, though if the municipal officers happened to be within earshot he took the precaution of saying them in a low voice.

At nine o'clock, after the Dauphin had been put to bed, the rest of the family had supper, but during the

meal the Queen and the Princess Elizabeth took it in turns to sit by the little boy's bedside.

They had to endure many insults and humiliations from those about them. The turnkey Rocher, for instance, was especially insolent, and every time the royal family passed through the wicket leading to the garden took a fiendish delight in blowing a cloud of tobacco smoke in the Princess Elizabeth's face. Simon, who was one of the commissioners charged to inspect the expenses and works at the Temple, always behaved rudely and referred to the King contemptuously as Capet.

This was not of course, and never had been, the surname of the French royal family, though its founder had been known as Hugh Capet; to call Louis XVI Louis Capet was almost as absurd as it would be to call the present King of England Longshanks, because Edward I was so called.

The following is a good instance of the petty persecutions to which the royal family was constantly subject. The Queen was reading aloud to the Dauphin an account of the time when the Constable de Bourbon took up arms against France; the Commissioner present told her she was not to teach him such things, as they might inspire him with thoughts of vengeance.

The very sentries added their quota to the sufferings of the unhappy prisoners by scrawling on the walls such things as "Madame Veto shall dance," or "We must strangle the wolf-cubs," while one of them drew a picture of a gallows with a figure suspended on it, beneath which he wrote: "Louis taking a bath."

All of them were not equally brutal, some even showed sympathy and respect, and one day a sentry said to Cléry: "How good the King is, how he loves his children!"

The municipal officers in charge were suspicious

of everything; they even thought a multiplication-table Cléry had made for the Dauphin was a secret code for teaching him to speak in cipher.

Absurd though some of their suspicions were, they were not wholly without justification in being suspicious, for Cléry and Turgy showed an almost incredible ingenuity in conveying information to their master and mistress. They wrote little notes in invisible ink and hid them in the dustbin, or some unlikely nook or crevice; at other times they would stuff them in the neck of a water bottle, or wrap them round a little ball of lead and drop them in a jug of milk of almonds; by means of a secret code of signals they were able to show them where to look for these notes.

The Queen and the Princess Elizabeth invented a number of signs by which Turgy could give them information about what was happening outside; for instance, if he put his right thumb to his left ear it meant that the English had landed at Calais; if he put the second finger of his right hand to his right ear it meant that the Austrians had won a victory on the Belgian front.

The most astute municipal officer could not possibly understand the purport of these signals unless he possessed the clue, but it seems that Turgy acted so cleverly that the municipal officers never discovered that he was making signals at all.

On the 21st September the proclamation abolishing royalty was read outside the walls of the Temple, but neither the King nor Queen gave any sign of disgust or annoyance.

For the most part their tormentors tried to keep their prisoners ignorant of what was happening; they allowed them to see no newspapers, though when one contained a statement that an artillery man had said he wanted the King's head to charge his piece with,

they took good care that a copy of this should be sent to the Temple.

The clothes of the royal family were beginning to wear out, and the Queen and her sister-in-law had to be constantly darning and mending them; Cléry did indeed contrive to obtain a change of underlinen for them, but as the garments were marked with a crown the municipal officers made the Princess Elizabeth pick out the crown before the garments were worn. Such is Cléry's statement.

On the other hand, evidence exists that during the early days of their sojourn in the Temple a considerable amount of clothing was supplied to the royal family, and that their food was provided on an ample, one might almost say a lavish, scale.

On the 29th September they were deprived of writing materials, though the Queen and her daughter managed to secrete a few bits of pencil. The same day the King was separated from his family and taken to the great tower. At first the intention seemed to be that they should live entirely apart, but yielding to the Queen's entreaties one of the municipal officers consented to them having their meals together, on condition that they did not speak low or in a foreign tongue but only in good French.

In order to be together as long as possible the Queen and the princesses remained in the King's room after breakfast while Cléry dressed their hair; when this was finished they went back to the Little Tower, leaving the Dauphin to do his lessons with his father.

So things went on until the rest of the family also was removed to the Great Tower. This was a square building about fifty feet high, flanked at each corner by a round turret, and having a pointed roof somewhat resembling a squat steeple. The ground floor was used as a council chamber by the municipal officers, of whom there were always eight on duty, four arriving each night about ten o'clock to remain

on duty for two days. The first floor was used as a guard-room, and the second floor was allotted to the King; it was approached by a staircase in the north-east turret and contained four rooms—an ante-room, the King's room, the dining-room, which was separated from the ante-room by a glazed partition, and Cléry's room; the north-west turret was used as an oratory, the south-west as a lavatory, and the south-east as a wood cupboard.

The walls of the ante-room had been papered in such a manner as to make it resemble a prison cell; on one of the panels of it was a copy of the declaration of the rights of man, surrounded by a tricolour border. There was a window in each room, defended by heavy iron bars and provided with an *abat jour*—a kind of shutter, which excludes a view of everything except the sky.

The arrangement of the third floor was similar to that of the second; the Queen's room was above the King's, the Princess Elizabeth and her niece occupied the room above Cléry's, and Tison and his wife that above the dining-room.

From the third floor the staircase in the turret led up to the battlements, round which later the royal family often walked. There must, it would seem, have been some sort of a loft or garret in the pointed roof of the tower, but whether there was any entrance to this, and if so where and how, is not clear.

Every night one of the municipal officers slept on a pallet in the ante-chamber outside the King's bed-room, and another in the ante-chamber outside the Queen's; so that as the entrance to the rooms on each floor had two doors, one of wood and the other of iron, every conceivable precaution was taken to prevent the possibility of the prisoners escaping.

In their anxiety to prevent the King and Queen holding any correspondence with their friends outside, the municipal officers took the most minute and

sometimes absurd precautions. Cléry asserts that one of them actually had a peach cut open and its stone broken, so that he might make sure that it did not contain a secret letter addressed to the King and Queen. Yet the faithful Cléry and the resourceful Turgy managed still to outwit the vigilance of these suspicious watch-dogs.

No sooner was the royal family installed in the Great Tower than the Commune decreed that the Dauphin should be transferred from his mother's charge to his father's; the text of the decree is worth giving, because it is the first clear indication we have that those in authority were beginning to take a very special interest in the little prince's future:

> "Considering that the son of Louis Capet is of an age when he ought to be under the direction of men, the Council decrees that he should be at once withdrawn from the hands of women to be placed and remain in those of his father day and night, except that after the dinner hour he shall go up into the lodging of his mother and aunt during the period that his father rests, and shall descend from it between four and five in the evening, all under the surveillance of one of the commissioners of service."

So from the end of October till the 11th December, when the King was put under arrest, the Dauphin was to a large extent removed from his mother's care, and when he had an attack of fever she was not even allowed to stay with him at night.

All who came in contact with him were struck by his vivacity and intelligence, and he showed no fear of the hostile and often gloomy municipal officers whose constant presence was so irksome to the prisoners. If some officer who had manifested a kindlier disposition came on duty, he would at once

run and tell his parents, and once, seeing that the officer for the day was reading Tacitus, he immediately went to tell his father, who he knew would be interested, since he was a diligent reader of Latin authors.

Even the notorious Hébert, who in the public press wrote venomously of the royal family, found the Dauphin charming, as he admitted in private conversation.

"I have seen the little child of the tower," he said. "He is beautiful as the day and intensely interesting; he acts marvellously like a king. I was pleased to have a game of draughts with him. The day before yesterday he asked me if the people were still miserable. 'What a pity it is!' he answered when I had told him that they were."

What a picture it makes!—the infamous Hébert, the vilest and most unscrupulous of all Marie Antoinette's traducers, playing draughts and chatting pleasantly with her innocent little boy!

Even if it be true that royalist writers have attributed to the Dauphin clever and astute remarks which he never made, there is abundant evidence for attributing to him an almost uncanny shrewdness and a tact and discretion beyond his years.

One day, for instance, he could not take his eyes off the municipal officer on duty, and the man kept on asking him where he had seen him before: for a long time he would not answer, and then turning to his mother, whispered: "It was on our journey to Varennes"—he did not like to say it aloud, for fear his father might be pained.

On another occasion, when Cléry had been ill, the Princess Elizabeth, on going to bid her nephew good night, gave him some ipecacuanha lozenges to give to Cléry. It was not till eleven o'clock that Cléry returned to the room, and was surprised to find the Dauphin still awake. He asked him what was the

matter, and the Dauphin replied : " My aunt has given me a little box for you, and I did not want to go to sleep without giving it to you. It was time you came, for my eyes have already closed several times."

Another day, while a mason who was doing some work in the room was eating his lunch, the Dauphin began to play with his tools, and the King, taking up a chisel and hammer, showed him how to use them.

" When you go out of the tower," said the mason, " you can say you worked at your own prison."

" Ah ! when shall I go out? " answered the King, and dropping the tools he left the room.

Louis was to leave the tower sooner than he anticipated, for his enemies were already plotting his death, and he who had always taken so lively an interest in the fate of Charles I of England was soon to die a death like his.

On the 11th December the King was put under arrest and completely separated from the other members of his family. He pleaded that the Dauphin might be allowed to remain with him, and on the 15th was informed that he would be permitted to have his children with him provided that during the period of his trial they did not see their mother or aunt.

Louis would not agree to this inhuman condition : and from the 11th December till the 20th January he saw neither his wife, his children nor his sister.

By the help of Cléry and Turgy, however, the Queen and her sister-in-law contrived to send letters to the King. The Princess Elizabeth used to save the bits of string with which the packets of candles were tied, and knotting them together made a line long enough to reach the floor below, where Cléry, who was on the watch at the appointed hour, took the letter in at his window and gave it to the King as soon as he got the opportunity.

On the night of the 20th January, 1793, the night

before his execution, the other members of the royal family were allowed to visit the King. This last sad interview took place in the dining-room; the municipal officers would not permit an absolutely private meeting, but so far relented as to withdraw into the ante-room, where, though they could not hear what the King and his family were saying, they could keep an eye on them through the glazed partition which separated the two rooms.

The King, fearing that the sight of the Abbé Firmont Edgeworth, who was acting as his confessor, might disturb his family, ordered him to remain in the study, and the faithful Cléry was the only witness present in the room; he has given a most touching account of the sad scene which followed:

"At eight-thirty," he writes, "the door opened; the Queen appeared first, holding her son by the hand; then Mme. Royale and Mme. Elizabeth. All threw themselves into the King's arms. A sad silence reigned for some minutes and was only interrupted by sobs.

"The Queen made a movement as though to draw the King into his bedroom.

"'No,' said the King; 'let us go into this room. I can only see you there.'

"They entered, and I shut the door, which was glazed. The King sat down, the Queen on his left, Mme. Elizabeth on his right, Mme. Royale almost in front of him; and the young prince remained standing between the King's knees. They all leaned towards him and often embraced him.

"This sad scene lasted an hour and three-quarters—during which it was impossible to hear anything.' I only noticed that after every remark the King made, the sobs of the princesses redoubled, lasted some minutes, and then the King

began to speak again. It was easy to judge from their movements that he himself had told them of his condemnation.

"At a quarter past ten the King got up first, and all followed him. I opened the door. The Queen held the King by the right arm. Their Majesties each gave a hand to M. the Dauphin. Mme. Royale, on the left, had her arms round the King's waist; Mme. Elizabeth, on the same side, but a little more behind, had seized her august brother's left arm. They took several steps to the doorway, giving vent to the most heart-rending groans.

"'I assure you,' said the King, 'I will see you to-morrow morning at eight o'clock.'

"'You promise us it,' they all repeated together.

"'Yes, I promise it.'

"'Why not at seven?' said the Queen.

"'Well, well, at seven,' replied the King. 'Good-bye.'

"He pronounced this good-bye in so expressive a manner that their sobs redoubled. Mme. Royale fell fainting at the feet of the King, whom she held embraced. I lifted her and helped Mme. Elizabeth to support her.

"The King wishing to put an end to this harrowing scene gave them the tenderest embraces, and had the strength to tear himself from their arms.

"'Good-bye! good-bye!' said he; and went into his bedroom."

MARIE-ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN

From a painting in the Château de Versailles, by E. Le Brun.

(Photo, Alinari)

CHAPTER IX

THE WIDOW CAPET AND HER CHILDREN

On the morning of the 21st January, 1793, Louis XVI was executed. He did not keep his promise to see his family again, for he wished to spare them the anguish of a second farewell.

Malesherbes, who had defended the King at his trial, told him that an attempt would be made to rescue him on his way to execution.

"That," said Louis, "would compromise too many people and cause civil war in Paris; I prefer to die, and I beg you to order them from me not to make any attempt to save me: the King does not die in France."

All the same the gallant Baron de Batz had made plans to rescue the King, but the precautions which his enemies had taken rendered it impossible even to attempt it.

The Queen, her children and the Princess Elizabeth got up at six in the morning so as to be ready for the final farewell which Louis had promised them. As time passed by and no message came to them to go to the King's room they grew more and more anxious.

It is said that while they were still hoping to see the King the door opened and the Dauphin tried to rush out. The Commissioner present stopped him and asked him where he was going.

"I am going to speak to the people," he answered. "I am going to pray them not to put my father to death."

At last they heard the joyous cries of the mob which announced that all was over and they would never see Louis XVI again.

The King, however, as Louis had said to Malesherbes, does not die in France, and the instant the head of Louis XVI fell on the scaffold his little son became King, at any rate in the eyes of royalists, to whom he was now no longer the Dauphin but King Louis XVII.

The Count de Provence promptly issued a proclamation declaring his nephew King and himself Regent during the minority, which as the eldest brother of the late monarch he had every right to do.

Not that the proclamation made any real difference to anybody. The Count de Provence might call his nephew Louis XVII, but he remained none the less a closely guarded prisoner in the Temple; he might call himself Regent, but he remained none the less an exile in Westphalia.

Within the Temple life went on as before; the Queen and the Princess Elizabeth, it is true, "accorded the young prince the rank and pre-eminence" which were now his due: a special chair, higher than the others and furnished with a cushion, was reserved for him at meals, though the object of giving him the high chair may only have been to enable him to reach the table more easily and not to assert his kingly dignity.

The royal family was now entirely confined to the rooms on the third floor and took their meals in the ante-chamber, as they had done ever since the 11th December; the number of municipal officers in daily attendance was reduced from eight to six, and the faithful Cléry was no longer allowed to attend them; after being confined for some weeks in a room in the Little Tower, he was dismissed from the Temple on the 1st March.

The daily walks in the garden were also discon-

tinued, for the Queen could not bear the thought of passing the door of the rooms in which her husband had been kept a prisoner, and the only outdoor exercise which the royal family now took was on the roof of the tower, where a sort of hoarding had been erected to prevent them seeing anything save the sky above them or from being seen by anyone outside.

Soon after the King's death his family found an unexpected friend in one of the municipal officers, Toulan, who, to enable himself to serve them better, always treated them with great brusqueness and rudeness in the presence of his colleagues, so that his good intentions might not be suspected.

He contrived to get possession of a packet which the King had entrusted to Cléry, containing his wedding-ring and locks of his children's hair, and convey it to the Queen.

When he had thus won the Queen's confidence he disclosed to her a plan he had formed for effecting the escape of the royal family from the Temple: the Queen consented to make the attempt provided M. de Jarjayes, a devoted royalist with whom she had managed to keep up a correspondence ever since she came to the Temple, approved.

Toulan accordingly revealed his plan to M. de Jarjayes, who approved of it. The plan was an exceedingly ingenious one. Toulan had won over another municipal officer called Lepitre, and these two were to contrive to be on duty the same night, which was not difficult, since the municipal officers, finding the duties at the Temple irksome, were ready enough to allow any of their number who were willing to undertake the task to do so.

Three municipal officers arrived at the Temple every evening, relieving those who had been on guard for two days. The newcomers used to draw lots, to decide which two of them should sleep in the antechamber outside the Queen's room; this they did by

placing three papers in a hat, two marked "night" and one marked "day." To the two who drew the papers marked night fell the duty of guarding the royal family during the night. Toulan, however, wrote the word "day" on all three papers, and when the third municipal officer had drawn one of the papers he and Lepitre threw the other two unopened into the fire.

This plan he would have repeated on the day destined for the escape. The Queen and the Princess Elizabeth were to be disguised as municipal officers, and the little King and his sister as the two children whom the lamplighter daily brought with him to help him clean the lamps: carriages were to be in attendance in the Rue de la Corderie which would convey the fugitives to Normandy.

However, M. de Jarjayes, after a secret interview with the Queen, judged the plan impracticable, perhaps because of the disturbances which were then taking place in Paris; but the Queen, he thought, might easily make her escape alone.

To this Marie Antoinette at first agreed, but the evening before that fixed for the attempt she changed her mind: "We have had a beautiful dream," she wrote to Jarjayes, "that's all. . . . My confidence in you is boundless. You will always find character and courage in me, but the interest of my son is my sole guide. Whatever happiness I should experience in being out of here, I could not consent to be separated from him. I could enjoy nothing without my children."

Another and more daring plan for rescuing the royal prisoners was formed by the intrepid Baron de Batz; his confederates were Cortey, a captain of the National Guard, and Michonis, a municipal officer, whom he had succeeded in winning over.

Thirty devoted royalists had joined the National Guard, and under the command of Cortey were to

form part of the guard of the Temple one night when Michonis was on duty. At midnight Michonis was to bring down the prisoners disguised in hats and military cloaks; the thirty faithful guards would then surround them, and the whole party, under Cortey's orders, would go out through the great gate as though to patrol the outside of the Temple.

The plan almost succeeded; the night designed for its execution arrived, and all seemed to be going well, when at the last moment Simon, that evil genius of the royal family, appeared upon the scene. He visited them in their rooms, to make sure they had not escaped, and told Michonis he must at once go to the town hall by order of the General Council of the Commune. As it seemed obvious that the plot had been discovered, Cortey could do no more than secure the escape of Batz.

Who had put Simon on his guard is not known, but someone had sent him a brief anonymous letter saying: "Michonis will be a traitor to-night. Beware." It is a strange irony of fate that although this letter defeated Batz's plan, Michonis had no trouble in clearing himself, and Simon was regarded by his colleagues as a man who had discovered a mare's-nest.

Besides their gallant attempt to help the royal family to escape from prison, Toulan and Lepitre did many little things to alleviate the lot of the prisoners, although by so doing they ran the risk of getting themselves into trouble. Toulan, for instance, procured the Queen newspapers containing accounts of her husband's execution, while Lepitre composed a poem on the King's death, which Mme. Cléry set to music. The Queen showed her appreciation of this by teaching her son to sing it.

Toulan, "the faithful" as the royal family called him, did after a while bring suspicion on himself, and his name was struck off the list of those who acted as

municipal officers; for some time, however, he served the prisoners by transmitting letters to their friends. He perished on the scaffold in 1794.

Lepitre, more fortunate, survived the revolution, and in 1814 published his reminiscences of his service at the Temple from December, 1792, to March, 1793.

All the municipal officers, of course, were not Toulans and Lepitres, and one day some of them amused themselves by teaching the Dauphin (for so it is still most convenient to call him) to stick live flies on pins, and when the Queen told him not to indulge in such cruel sports they treated her with great rudeness. One of them, named Macé, remonstrated with them, whereupon they denounced him to the Commune and he was expelled from the General Council as a moderate.

On the 19th April Tison and his wife, who were always spying upon the royal prisoners, accused the Queen and the Princess Elizabeth of having won over certain municipal officers, of being informed by them of everything that happened, of receiving public papers and of carrying on a correspondence with their friends outside by this means. Although the Tisons do not seem to have possessed any tangible proofs, the charges they made were substantially true, and at any rate caused Hébert to visit the Temple and search for the writing materials which the prisoners were supposed to possess. The Dauphin, who was asleep, was snatched from his bed, so that it might be searched, but the only suspicious article found was a stick of sealing-wax.

From this time the prisoners were more closely guarded than ever, and the municipal officers who had shown them kindness came no more to the Temple.

On the 9th May the Dauphin, who had been ailing for some days, was attacked by a fever and pains in the head, and the Queen asked that Brunyer, her children's physician-in-ordinary, should be sent for.

Her request, however, was not granted, and it was only after four days that Thierry, the doctor of the prisons, came to the Temple.

Thierry appears to have acted with kindness and courtesy, for he consulted Brunyer on the case and was very attentive to his patient. The Queen and the Princess Elizabeth acted as the Dauphin's nurses and never left his bedside day or night.

When he was getting better the Queen asked that he might have a copy of *Gil Blas* to amuse him.

This request was solemnly debated in the Council General of the Commune. One member suggested that the boy, being very lively and intelligent, would only learn to play knavish tricks by studying the morality and principles of Gil Blas; while another thought *Robinson Crusoe* would be a more suitable book for him. However, after some debate the Council came to the conclusion that the request for a copy of *Gil Blas* might be granted; and the Dauphin no doubt found amusement in that sprightly and diverting work as many a boy has done before and since.

The little prince made but a slow recovery, and early in June a fainting-fit which he had seems to have caused Thierry so much uneasiness that he took two other doctors, Soupé and Jupales, into consultation; the Duchess of Angoulême indeed thought that her brother never really recovered from the effects of this fever.

One day in June the Dauphin hurt himself when riding a hobby-horse, and the Queen asked that a well-known specialist, Dr. Pipelet, should be called in. After some demur the Commune consented. When Pipelet reached the Temple the municipal officers told him he was "to certify that the child has a taint in his blood which will cause his death." Pipelet, however, after carefully examining the patient, did nothing of the sort; he reported that the prince was

perfectly sound and the injury from which he suffered due to an accident.

It is not possible to determine exactly what was in the minds of those who gave this horrible injunction to Pipelet, but it seems most probable that already some members of the Commune were contemplating the idea of getting rid of the Dauphin. At any rate before the end of the month he had recovered sufficiently to play about in the garden.

On the 28th June Mme. Tison, who had for some time been showing signs of approaching insanity, went out of her mind. Her husband compelled her to denounce the Queen and the Princess Elizabeth for carrying on a secret correspondence through the agency of Turgy. The proof of this was a spot of sealing-wax which she had found on a candle and showed to the municipal officers in the Council Chamber. Turgy admits the truth of the charge, for on that morning the princess had sealed a letter she had written to the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont and entrusted to Turgy to deliver.

At ten o'clock in the evening Mme. Tison was called downstairs to see her daughter who had come to visit her, but when the daughter left her she showed the greatest reluctance to go up again. At last she was persuaded to do so, and on entering the room where the Queen was, threw herself at her feet and cried out: "Madame, I beg pardon of your Majesty! I am an unfortunate woman. I am the cause of your death and that of Madame Elizabeth."

The Queen made her get up and tried to quiet her, but in vain.

Just then the municipal officers came in, accompanied by Turgy and his assistants, who were bringing the royal family's supper. Mme. Tison fell on her knees in front of Turgy, exclaiming: "M. Turgy, I am an unfortunate woman! I am the cause of the Queen's death and yours."

The Princess Elizabeth helped her up and said to Turgy: "Turgy, pardon her."

He answered: "The good woman Tison has done me no injury, and even if she had I should pardon her."

After this Mme. Tison became so violent that it took eight men to hold her down. Two days later she was removed to the Hôtel de Dieu, where she eventually died.

This was a time of great danger for revolutionary France. She was at war with the Empire, England, Prussia, Spain and Holland, while the insurrections of the Chouans and the Vendéans were a serious menace at home.

Men's minds were naturally much occupied with the little Dauphin, for if the insurgents and their foreign allies were successful they would certainly set him on the throne. Since his father's death he was the pivot on which the whole political situation turned.

As usually happens among revolutionists, the leaders were mutually suspicious, and there were constant rumours that this or that party or public man contemplated the restoration of the monarchy with the Dauphin as King.

At different times the Girondins, Danton, Hébert, Chaumette and Robespierre were all suspected of having harboured such an intention; and although it does not follow that any or all of them had done so, it is good evidence that the air was charged with suspicion and that the possibility was in everybody's thoughts.

It is therefore not surprising that those in authority should have wished to have the Dauphin in safe keeping, which may have been the primary reason for removing him from his mother's custody.

At any rate, at the beginning of July the

Committee of Public Safety decided that he should live in a separate apartment, the safest in the tower, and appointed Simon as his guardian.

Sénart, the procurer of the Commune, records that when Simon asked for instructions about the Dauphin he said, in his usually amiable phraseology: "What do you decide about the wolf-cub?"

"He has been taught to be insolent," was the somewhat cryptic reply.

"I shall be able to humble him," said Simon. "So much the worse if he breaks out. I am not answerable for it. After all, what do you want? To transport him?"

"No."

"To kill him?"

"No."

"To poison him?"

"No."

"What, then?"

"To get rid of him."

Some historians, who do not believe the stories of Simon's brutality to the Dauphin, and think that according to his lights he was a humane and affectionate guardian, regard Sénart's narrative as a fabrication, but their reasons for doubting Sénart's veracity seem inconclusive.

However, even if we accept Sénart's statement, the exact purport of the last reply—"to get rid of him"—is uncertain; the words might not unreasonably be interpreted to mean: "Thou shalt not kill yet needest not strive officiously to keep alive."

On the 3rd July the order to remove the Dauphin from his mother was carried out.

At ten o'clock in the evening the municipal officers entered the Queen's room and read the decree of the Convention ordering the Dauphin to be separated from his mother and placed in the safest apartment in the tower. As soon as the little boy heard it he

began to scream and threw himself into his mother's arms imploring not to be separated from her.

The Queen, who was overwhelmed with grief at this latest move on the part of her oppressors, flatly refused to give up her son and stood at bay between his bed and the emissaries of tyranny. The municipal officers, however, who had their orders to carry out, would brook no denial, and threatened to employ force and summon the guard.

"You shall kill me," cried the Queen, "sooner than snatch my child from me!"

For a whole hour the contest lasted; the Queen remained inflexible while the municipal officers threatened and insulted her. At last they told her positively that if she would not surrender her son to them they would kill him.

This diabolical threat finally broke down the unhappy mother's resistance, and she consented to surrender her son rather than see him murdered before her face.

The Princess Elizabeth and her niece then took the little boy from his bed and dressed him, for Marie Antoinette was utterly worn out by the terrible ordeal through which she had passed.

When he was ready, she handed him over to the municipal officer, "bathing him in her tears" (says the Duchess of Angoulême), for she foresaw that she would never see him again.

The Dauphin, after kissing his mother, sister and aunt, went away weeping with his captors.

Before they left, the Queen asked the municipal officers to request the Council General of the Commune to give her permission to see her son if it were only at meal-times; this they consented to do, but the request was not granted, and she never saw her son again except now and then for a few moments at a distance.

The account of the Dauphin's removal from his

mother given in the minutes of the Commissioners of the Commune is worth quoting:

> "After various earnest entreaties the widow Capet at last decided to hand over her son to us, and he was conducted into the apartment selected and handed over to Citizen Simon, who takes charge of him. We observe, moreover, that the separation was effected with the utmost delicacy that could be expected in this circumstance where the magistrates of the people have all the consideration compatible with the severity of their function."

Here the Commissioners made no mention of the threats and insults heaped on the Queen, nor of their final threat to kill the boy if she would not give him up: a warning to us that the official documents of the period are not always accurate or unbiassed.

CHAPTER X

THE CITIZEN SIMON

We now enter on a period of obscure tragedy, and for the year of the Dauphin's life which followed his separation from his mother, we have no continuous and reliable narrative such as Mme. de Tourzel's account of the life of the royal family at the Tuileries, or the record of their sufferings in the Temple preserved in Cléry's journal, or the Duchess of Angoulême's memoirs.

From time to time we get a gleam of light. Of how he lived during the time that Simon was his guardian a fair amount of reliable information has been preserved. After that, although a few indisputable facts are known, and a few authentic anecdotes have been recorded, for the most part we have to grope our way in a twilight of conjecture, piecing together the fragments of reliable information as best we can.

While we are far from regarding the efforts of some modern writers to whitewash Simon as successful, we cannot deny that many of the anecdotes set down by the Dauphin's earliest biographers have an apocryphal air, or that these writers, who published their works soon after the restoration of Louis XVIII, would have a natural tendency to accept too readily anecdotes which magnified the Dauphin's sufferings and the brutality of Simon.

Still, when all allowances have been made, the Dauphin seems to remain a helpless victim and Simon his tormentor.

The rooms which Louis XVI had occupied on the second floor of the tower were allotted to Simon, and it was thither the Dauphin was conducted on the night of the dolorous 3rd July. It was nearly six months since he had last been in them, but as they were still furnished just as they had been during the late King's lifetime, the sight of them must have awakened many memories of his father and the hours he had spent with him in the child's mind.

The Dauphin, his sister tells us, wept for two whole days after his separation from his mother; this statement we can readily credit, partly because his sister herself may have heard his cries, partly because at first the municipal officers used to give the Queen news of her son. Otherwise we know nothing about the way in which the little prince lived during the first days of Simon's guardianship.

We do not even know whether Mme. Simon had yet taken up her abode at the Temple or not, for it was only on the 6th July that the Council General of the Commune decreed that "the young son of Louis XVI, not being yet able to dispense with the cares of a woman, Simon's wife should take care of the child concurrently with her husband." On the whole, this rather suggests that Mme. Simon did not join her husband till several days had elapsed.

The salary allotted to the Dauphin's guardians was six thousand livres a year for Simon and three thousand for his wife; not such a bad income for a cobbler, who also got his board and lodging free, if it had been paid regularly, which it was not.

In the middle of July rumours were afloat that the Dauphin had been removed to St. Cloud and that the Commune of Paris intended to restore him to the throne! The Council of General Security accordingly at once sent four of its members to the Temple to ascertain that the prince was still there. In their report they stated that they found him quietly

playing draughts with his guardian: they had him taken down into the garden so that the guards might see him, for apparently Simon had hitherto kept him a close prisoner, and were no doubt taken aback when he began to ask for his mother and demand that he should be shown the decree which ordered him to be separated from her.

Of Simon's behaviour to his little charge they said nothing, and the fact that he played draughts with him is hardly proof that he treated him generally with kindness and solicitude.

The Dauphin's request to see his mother, of course, was not granted, and after the 3rd July he never saw her or spoke to her again, but until her removal to the Conciergerie on the 3rd August she did contrive now and then to get a glimpse of him. "Her sole pleasure," says the Duchess of Angoulême, "was to see him from afar through a little window; she would stay there hours at a time to watch for this dearly-loved child."

How keen must have been her joy when she saw him, though only for a few moments! How bitter her disappointment on the days when she did not get a sight of him! But the Dauphin did not know that his mother was looking at him, he did not even hear of her removal from the Temple, and to the last apparently believed her to be in the room above him.

In some respects it is clear that at this period the Dauphin was not ill-treated; he was well fed and decently clothed, the doctor's orders were carried out, and Mme. Simon kept him clean and tidy: though we must take with a good many grains of salt the statements she made towards the end of her life, which implied that she had been devoted to him and in which she spoke of him as her Charles and her little prince.

Nor was the little boy left without occupations or

amusements. Simon would play billiards with him on a billiard-table which had been placed or found in one of the rooms in the Temple; the little daughter of one of the laundresses was allowed to come to the Temple to be his playmate, and Simon himself paid for the repair of a wonderful mechanical birdcage which had been found in the gatekeeper's room.

All these little things show conclusively that in some respects royalist writers have represented the Dauphin's life while under the guardianship of Simon as more wretched than it really was.

A story indeed is told which, if true, would prove that Simon was really attached to the Dauphin and the Dauphin to him, but the story does not rest on very good authority—it is recorded by an ex-professor of history who claims to have heard it from a man whom he describes only by initials, T. M.—and is in itself improbable.

Simon, it is said, was present one evening at a café where T. M. was among the company, and speaking of the Dauphin, asserted that the night before he had said to him: "Simon, my dear Simon, take me to your shop; you can teach me to make shoes, and I will pass as your son, for I foresee they will spare me no more than they did my father."

"I would give my arm," continued Simon, "to have this child for my own, he is so lovable and I am so much attached to him."

Did Simon ever say this? It is unlikely; and even if he did there is no guarantee that he was speaking the truth.

There is, moreover, a darker side to the picture, supported by far stronger testimony than that on which this story rests. Simon set to work to make his little pupil a "sansculotte," according to his conception of what a true sansculotte should be. He forced him on occasion, though it seems not habitually, to wear a carmagnole and cap of liberty, the dress of

the people, to make him feel that between prince and people there was no difference.

To the little Dauphin, accustomed from his infancy to be treated with respect and deference as a King's son, this must have been a bitter humiliation. This in itself is but a little thing, but it is significant of Simon's attitude to the little boy.

He taught him to swear and use obscene language, and made him sing blasphemous and filthy songs; so far did he carry things that in August one of the municipal officers, Lebœuf, took him to task about it, objecting especially to the indecent songs he sang in the child's presence: but he only got himself into trouble for his pains.

Another municipal officer, Daujon, has recorded that one day when he was on duty at the Temple Simon and the Dauphin were playing bowls together, and the Dauphin on hearing a noise in the room overhead, exclaimed: "Are not those damned b—— guillotined yet!"

Certainly if Simon's aim was to brutalize the child's mind he was succeeding, but one cannot help wondering what Mme. Simon, if she loved the little boy as much as she afterwards professed to do, thought of it all; one also wonders whether the royalist writers who attribute his success to a system of terrorism may not be nearer the mark than some modern writers who would have us believe that Simon, though rough, ignorant and foul-mouthed, was neither cruel nor brutal in his treatment of his pupil.

But the most damning evidence of all is that of Dr. Naudin, who was called in to attend Mme. Simon when she was sick.

Simon, he says, wanted the Dauphin to sing some indecent verses, and when the little boy would not, and burst out crying, he seized him by the hair and shouted: "You wretched viper! I should like to smash you against the wall."

Naudin rescued the child from Simon's grasp, exclaiming: "You scoundrel! What are you going to do?" whereat one of the municipal officers said: "Citizen Naudin, you always have a joke."

On the morrow, when Naudin came again to the Temple, the Dauphin gave him two pears, saying: "Yesterday you proved to me that you take an interest in me; I thank you for it. I have only this to show you my gratitude, you will do me a pleasure by accepting it."

If Simon would thus maltreat the Dauphin in the presence of the doctor, what must his behaviour have been at other times!

It may be true that Simon did not starve the child —that when in a good humour he would play and joke with him; it may be true that some of the stories told of his ferocity are invented or exaggerated; it may be true that he did not make him get up in the night, and souse him with cold water or strike him with an iron bar: but when all deductions have been made there is sufficient evidence that Simon was low-minded, drunken and brutal, and that Eckard is fully justified in calling him a monster.

That when Simon bullied and browbeat his unfortunate little victim he was carrying out a cold-blooded and premeditated plan of action is not proved or perhaps even probable, nor can he be justly accused of doing what he did with the deliberate intention of compassing the Dauphin's death, but the brutality with which he treated him is none the less brutal because it was the outcome of a coarse, callous and violent nature; the little prince in the long run suffered as much at his hands as if his conduct had been prompted by calculated malevolence.

A man who can behave as Simon did to a defenceless child is a monster, whether his action is dictated by a pitiless intention to injure him or is the natural expression of vile and unbridled nature.

The extent to which Simon, perhaps deliberately, had subdued and debased the Dauphin's mind is shown by the declaration which the poor little boy signed on the 6th October, in the presence of the Mayor of Paris, Hébert, Chaumette and other municipal officers.

The Queen's enemies were seeking evidence against her, and the diabolical idea occurred to somebody, probably Hébert or Chaumette, to make her little son a witness against his mother.

Simon, who likely enough had had his instructions to do so, reported that he and his wife had learned certain facts from the child's mouth, about which he often urged them to get him the opportunity to make a declaration. On the 6th October he was given his opportunity, and made a declaration which brought against his mother and aunt charges of so disgusting a nature that it is impossible to repeat them.

This declaration, signed Louis Charles Capet, and witnessed by the Mayor of Paris, the municipal officers present and Simon, still exists, but so shaky and irregular is the Dauphin's signature, so unlike the neat, regular handwriting in which he wrote his exercises for his father during the early days of his captivity in the Temple, that it has been plausibly suggested he had been made drunk, or someone guided his hand.

That the charges he brought against his mother were true is inconceivable: even Robespierre did not believe them, for he said that Hébert, not content that Marie Antoinette was really a Messalina, made her an Agrippina as well: this seems to indicate that he regarded Hébert as the inventor of the calumnies put into the Dauphin's mouth.

If the charges were not true, it is impossible to believe that the Dauphin fabricated them himself, and there can be little doubt that whoever invented them it was Simon who cajoled or bullied his little

charge into making them: and yet there are still those who would ask us to regard Simon as no monster, but merely a rough and not ill-natured cobbler, who was, on the whole, fond of his little pupil and treated him generally with kindness.

The next day the Princess Royal was brought down to be examined; her little brother was in the room when she entered, and she embraced him tenderly, but he was immediately snatched from her and taken into another room. The municipal officers plied her with questions, among which were some she could not understand, but which she could perceive dealt with matters so disgraceful that she wept with indignation: from which it is evident that they were trying to get her to support her brother's statements.

The Princess Elizabeth was then examined; they asked her the same questions, and she indignantly denied the truth of the allegations.

With a refinement of cruelty they confronted the Dauphin with his sister and aunt, and he repeated the terrible things he had said in his declaration the day before, but one of the municipal officers, Daujon, came to the conclusion that he was only repeating what he had been taught to say.

When at her trial Marie Antoinette heard her son's declaration read, and Fouquier asked her what she had to say in reply, she at first maintained a majestic silence; but on being pressed for an answer, said: "If I have not answered, it is because nature refuses to reply to such a charge brought against a mother; I appeal to all the mothers here."

In her last letter which she wrote to the Princess Elizabeth, speaking of the Dauphin she says: "I have to speak to you of a thing very painful to my heart; I know how much pain this child must have caused you. Pardon him, my dear sister; think of his age, and how easy it is to make a child say what one wishes—even what he does not understand."

Marie Antoinette knew that her little boy was not a paragon of virtue: he was petulant and self-willed, and she had often had to restrain him; he had bad habits which she had tried to correct: but he was utterly incapable of having invented these slanders he had uttered against his mother and aunt. She had divined the truth—the words had been put into his mouth, and bullied and browbeaten by Simon he had said what he had been told to say.

This conclusion is borne out by the fact that about two months later Simon induced the Dauphin to make another declaration, though, of course, he represented him as himself eager to make it. In it he said he had heard a tapping noise overhead every day from six to nine for two or three weeks; that two days before he made the declaration he heard steps going to the window of the bedroom, which made him suppose that the prisoners had something hidden there—which might be false assignats which they let out through the window.

The suggestion that the princesses were forging assignats is palpably absurd, and as palpably unlikely to have been invented by a child of eight; the credit of it must be due to Simon, and if the Dauphin's second declaration was inspired by him it becomes all the more probable that the first was also.

That the Dauphin heard tappings overhead is likely enough, for his sister and aunt were in the habit of playing backgammon.

Cruel as was the Dauphin's lot while Simon was his guardian, he had no doubt some alleviations, and some of those with whom he came in contact treated him kindly—Gagnié, the chief cook, for instance, as the following anecdote shows.

One day the municipal officers were playing billiards, and probably in fun started throwing the Dauphin from one to the other and puffing smoke in

his face; as they did so one of them scratched his face with his beard.

"You are hurting me! Your beard pricks me!" cried the Dauphin, and escaped to Gagnié, who was present.

"I am sorry to see you in this state, Monsieur Charles," said he, for so those who dared not give him his title, but would not call him Capet as Simon did, were accustomed to address him.

"Why don't you say 'thou' to me?" said the Dauphin. "You are calling me Monsieur. You are not behaving well; to punish you, drink a glass of water!"

Out of respect Gagnié drank it, and said: "Thank you, Monsieur Charles."

"You still call me Monsieur!" exclaimed the Dauphin. "Ah! I see clearly you are not behaving well. Therefore, for your punishment, drink another glass of water."

"Oh! as far as that goes, I am obliged to you, Monsieur Charles. I do not drink so much water. It does not agree with me!"

At this reply the young prince burst out laughing. He could still laugh and play with anyone who was kind to him; his spirit was not wholly crushed, but this is no proof that Simon had not treated him with harshness and cruelty and done his best to corrupt his mind.

His mother perished on the scaffold, and he did not know that she was dead, while Simon continued his work of transforming a little prince into a good sansculotte, according to his own ideas and by means of his own rough and brutal methods of education.

But if taming "the wolf-cub" was a congenial occupation to the drunken cobbler, if it delighted him to make a king's son clean his shoes and wait on him at meals, he still found the close confinement in the

Temple very irksome, for his masters required Simon to be in constant attendance on his pupil. When he wished to go to his house in the Rue Marat to fetch some things he needed, he only obtained permission to do so on condition that two municipal officers went with him.

The lot of a gaoler is not a wholly enviable one if he has to share the rigorous confinement of his prisoner. It is therefore not surprising Simon should have tired of his job, even though he had good food and plenty of it, especially as his wages were not regularly paid. Anyway, when in January, 1794, a decree was passed which compelled him to choose between resigning his post and being removed from the Council General of the Commune, he decided to accept the former alternative, and on the 19th of the month he and his wife left the Temple.

So far the Dauphin's history has been fairly clear and undisputed, but from this point it is enshrouded in a certain amount of mystery, for some do not believe that he remained in the Temple after Simon left, and hold that the little prisoner who died there a year and a half later was not the Dauphin but another child who had been substituted for him.

If this be so, what became of the Dauphin? Two theories have been advanced to answer this question.

The first is that Simon murdered him before he left. This is based upon a passage in the Count d'Andigné's memoirs, in which he states that when he was a prisoner in the Temple in 1801 he found a skeleton buried in quicklime, without a coffin.

Turning to Fauconnier, the officer in charge, he said: "This must be the Dauphin's body!"

Fauconnier seemed embarrassed by the remark, but answered: "Yes, sir."

This, it has been held, suggests that the Dauphin had been murdered and secretly buried. The reason for connecting his murder with the departure of Simon

is found in a passage in the Duchess of Angoulême's memoirs:

> "On the 19th January they (i.e. she and her aunt) heard a great noise in the Dauphin's room which made them conjecture that he was going out of the Temple, and they were convinced of it when looking out through a key-hole they saw luggage being taken away. The following days they heard the door opened and steps in the room, and still convinced that he had gone they thought some important person had been put in the room below. It was Simon who had gone away . . . and they had had the cruelty to leave the child alone."

In this passage there is not the faintest suggestion that Simon murdered the child, nor that he was removed from the Temple; all that the Duchess of Angoulême states is that she and her aunt were at first convinced he had been, but afterwards were equally convinced they were mistaken.

The whole theory rests, then, on Fauconnier's words to the Count d'Andigné, but Fauconnier did not go to the Temple till 1798, and could therefore have no first-hand knowledge of an event that had happened there four years earlier. His opinion, which must then have been based on hearsay, that the skeleton which d'Andigné found was the Dauphin's is no proof that the Dauphin was murdered either by Simon or anyone else.

This theory, which has no other evidence to support it, may be safely dismissed as highly improbable.

The other, which has been ably supported by M. le Notre in his interesting and learned book on the Dauphin, is that when Simon left the Temple the little prince left also. This theory rests, too, on

no positive evidence, but on a series of ingenious inferences.

It might be stated somewhat in this form: there is abundant evidence that during the year which followed the death of Louis XVI many were contemplating the restitution of the monarchy with the Dauphin as King, or at any rate suspected others of contemplating it. Chaumette seems to have taken a good deal of interest in the little prisoner of the Temple, and therefore is likely enough to have himself formed the plan of making him King; for this purpose he would want to secure possession of his person. As a first step to this he had Simon appointed his guardian, for since Chaumette practically dominated the Commune of Paris it is probable that he could have his own nominee appointed the prince's guardian. When the time was ripe he so arranged things that Simon's resignation should seem natural, and when Simon left the Temple he abducted the Dauphin and put him in hiding somewhere, so that he might be able to produce him when he needed him; to prevent his plot becoming publicly known he caused another child to be incarcerated in the Temple.

M. le Notre works out this theory with extraordinary ingenuity, and in the light of it interprets all the subsequent facts of the Dauphin's history, usually with great cleverness and plausibility. The theory is, however, open to three grave, one might justly say fatal, objections.

First, as we have already indicated, it rests upon no positive evidence, but only on a series of inferences which may or may not be correct.

Secondly, the subsequent events of the Dauphin's life can be just as easily interpreted on the supposition that he remained in the Temple and died there.

Thirdly—and this is the most fatal objection of all—the statements which Mme. Simon made towards the end of her life do not support this theory. True,

she persisted that the Dauphin was rescued from the Temple, but she seems to imply that the rescue took place just before the date at which he is usually supposed to have died, nearly eighteen months after she and her husband left the Temple. Nowhere does she give any hint that he was taken out of the Temple at the same time as she herself left it. Certain supporters of the pretender Richemont do indeed assert that the Sisters of the hospital in which Mme. Simon died had told them that she said that the Dauphin was smuggled out of the Temple in a washing basket in January, 1793, but this evidence is only third-hand, and flatly contradicts what Mme. Simon said in her official statement.

For our part we attach little importance to Mme. Simon's evidence, and have no confidence in her veracity, but we find it impossible to believe that she would have spoken as she did in her official statement had she known for a fact that the Dauphin was removed from the Temple in January, 1793.

This theory may be set aside as unproven and improbable, but the fact that an unusually well-informed writer has been able to make out a specious case for it reminds us that all the evidence on which the history of the last eighteen months of the Dauphin's life is based must be carefully scrutinized and those incidents adequately explained which suggest the supposition that another child had been substituted for him.

CHAPTER XI

THE MONTHS OF LONELINESS

Before leaving the Temple Simon took the precaution of obtaining a "provisional discharge" from the four municipal officers on duty. This document has so important a bearing on the Dauphin's history and has been made the basis of such strange and divergent theories that it will be well to quote it entire:

> "Extract of the registers of the Council of the Temple of the 30th Nivôse (i.e., 19th January, 1794) in the second year of the French Republic one and indivisible, the said day at nine o'clock in the evening Simon and his wife, the ex-custodians of Charles Capet, having invited us, the undersigned members of the Commune on duty at the Temple, to mount into the room of the said Charles Capet, and we having arrived there they showed us the person of the said prisoner Capet in good health, asking us to be good enough to undertake the custody of the said Capet and to grant them a provisional discharge until the Council should have granted the definitive discharge of the said custody which finished to-day, which we have granted them, and have undertaken the custody of the said Charles Capet.
>
> "Legrand, Lasnier, Cochefer, Lorinet."

Of these four men, one, Lorinet, was a doctor, and another, Legrand, a lawyer; they had already been twenty-four hours on duty at the Temple, and would, according to custom, have visited the Dauphin soon

after their arrival and therefore be already acquainted with him; the provisional discharge, then, which they granted Simon and his wife is excellent evidence that the child whom they took over from them was the veritable Dauphin, and the suggestion that Simon palmed off a substituted child upon them wholly devoid of probability.

On the other hand, writers who believe that the Dauphin was rescued from the Temple at a later date make great play with the statement contained in the discharge that the Dauphin was in good health. If, they argue, he was well and strong on the 19th January, he cannot possibly have been the same child whom Barras found in so deplorable a condition six months later. Why not? one naturally asks. A great change can take place in a child in six months, especially if during that period he is utterly neglected and kept in solitary confinement.

After Simon's departure the Dauphin was kept a prisoner in one room, apparently that formerly occupied by Cléry, and no one was appointed to act as his guardian. The window was shuttered, the entrance secured by an iron door containing a sort of hatch or wicket through which his food and a jug of water were passed to him; each night the municipal officers on duty would come to see that he was there, and if he was asleep would wake him; when he had come to the door and they had had a look at him they would say: "Back to bed, young wolf!"

But for this daily or rather nightly visit he saw no one and spoke to no one. During the day the shuttered room must have been half dark, and at night he was allowed neither lamp nor candle. The room was infested with rats, and to avoid them the Dauphin used to put some of his food in his cap and place it on the table for them to eat.

His health, besides, was getting daily worse and worse; three tumours had formed in different parts of

his body; an eruption appeared on his neck, and his hair became clotted with the matter which oozed from it, for when his neck itched he kept scratching it with his nails. His legs and thighs grew disproportionately long in comparison with the rest of his body.

Who can wonder that in such circumstances a little boy of nine neglected to wash himself, or change his clothes; neglected even the commonest decencies of life, "vegetated in a state of disgusting filth," and sank into a condition of physical and moral torpor? The marvel rather is that he survived six months of such treatment.

The whole story of the Dauphin's solitary confinement in a darkened room has been questioned by some modern writers. It rests, they point out, ultimately on the statements of Simien Despréaux, who published a Life of the Dauphin in 1817, and claimed to have gathered his information from people who had been about the Temple in various capacities during the time of the young Prince's captivity. Since the accounts of the Temple contain no mention of the iron door which was placed at the entrance of the Dauphin's room, and Barras does not allude to it, they regard this detail as apocryphal.

An interesting confirmation of Despréaux's general accuracy is afforded by an article which was published shortly after the Dauphin's death in the *Portfeuille Politique et Littéraire:*

> "After the death of their mother, or her departure from the Temple, the two children of Louis XVI were totally abandoned; they were left without linen. Here is a fact which has been attested by one of the functionaries of the ancient Commune of Paris, who was imprisoned at the Luxembourg about a month or six weeks before the 9th Thermidor. Every kind of guardian and all private attentions had been withdrawn from

the children. They were alone, each in a room to which no one had access, not even to make their bed, to remove or sweep up the dirt. Their food was passed to them by a sort of revolving box which had been contrived in their rooms. They were sharply called when anyone brought them anything to eat; their food was placed in this box, and they were made to bring back the empty plates with which they had been supplied the day before. The little boy lay down in the midst of filth like a poor animal, on a bed which was never shaken up and never made, for he had neither the strength nor the understanding to make it. . . .

"After the retreat of the famous Simon, cobbler by trade and governor of the young son of Louis XVI, two men, or rather two watch-dogs, of the Commune watched day and night around the room of this child. As soon as day ceased they ordered him to go to bed, because they did not wish to give him a light. Some time afterwards, when he was plunged in his first sleep, one of these Cerberuses, fearing that the devil or the aristocrats might have carried him off across the roofs of his prison, cried to him in a terrifying voice: 'Capet, where art thou? Art thou asleep?'

"'Here I am,' replied the child, half asleep and all of a tremble.

"'Come here, that I may see thee.'

"And the little one hastened, sweating and naked: 'Here I am! What do you want of me?'

"'To see you. Be off, and lie down!'

"Two or three hours afterwards the other brigand again began the same manœuvre."

It is worth noticing that the statement contained

in this article about a revolving box, by means of which the Dauphin's food was passed to him, accords very well with a passage in Eckard's Life of Louis XVII, which appeared shortly after Simien Despréaux's book: there was, he writes, in the door of the prince's room "a wicket with a ledge. This wicket formed a sort of tower, by means of which the august prisoner's wretched victuals were conveyed to him."

Both writers are trying to describe something they had not themselves seen, and do not, it must be admitted, give us a very clear idea of what the contrivance was like. But on the main point they agree —the Dauphin's food was passed to him through some sort of an aperture in the door, a thing which it would have been unnecessary to do unless the door had always been kept closed.

It is reasonable, then, to conclude that the terrible story of the little boy's six months' solitary confinement is not fiction but fact.

It is sometimes urged, again, that had the Dauphin been treated with such barbarity some of the municipal officers—Barelle, for instance, who had known him and been kind to him while he was in Simon's charge—or several others who had shown an interest in the royal captives, would have protested: one of them did, and for his pains was expelled from the Council and handed over to the police.

Again it is argued that the child imprisoned on the second floor of the Temple cannot have been the Dauphin, for had it been he would have shouted and made an uproar when he found himself in a dark room. This objection leaves out of account the fact that for six months the Dauphin had been under the dominion of Simon, and his spirit may well have been already broken.

The boy's silence is a strange feature in this

hideous story, and some have tried to account for it by supposing that a deaf and dumb child had been substituted for the Dauphin, but that the little prisoner was not a deaf mute is shown by the fact that he spoke to Barras.

The silence is perhaps no stranger in the Dauphin than in any other child. Is it not rather one of the strongest proofs we possess of the brutality with which Simon had used him?

The little boy who had protested so vigorously when separated from his mother was, after six months of Simon's tyranny, too utterly crushed and despondent to cry out—lonely and terrified in his dark prison-house, a child of his age, one can well imagine, would have been afraid of the sound of his own voice.

To us, at any rate, this seems the most reasonable explanation of his silence.

It was not until he had endured solitary confinement for more than six months that he heard a human voice addressing him kindly, if the well-meaning municipal officers mentioned above be excepted.

On the 28th July, the day after the fall of Robespierre, Barras—the new dictator, as he may be called—paid him a visit. Barras was licentious, selfish, unscrupulous, a thorough-paced scoundrel if you will, but he was a man of noble descent and courtly manners, and the little prince, who shrank in terror from the rough plebeian municipal officers, evidently felt no fear of Barras, as his readiness to answer his questions shows.

This is the description which Barras himself gives of his visit:

> "I found the prince in his cradle-bed in the middle of the room. He was drowsy and woke up with difficulty. He was dressed in breeches and a vest of grey cloth.
>
> "I asked him how he was and why he did not lie down on the big bed. He replied: 'My

knees are swelled and make me suffer from time to time when I am standing up; the little cradle suits me better.'

"I examined his knees; they were very much swollen, as well as his ankles and hands; his face was puffy pale. After having asked if he had what was necessary and persuaded him to walk, I gave orders to the Commissioners and scolded them about the bad state of the room."

Further, Barras told the Committee of Public Safety that the prince was dangerously ill, and said that doctors ought to be called in and his condition examined.

In another note he states that "the young prince was already tormented by a humorous malady," to which he ultimately succumbed.

The immediate result of Barras' visit was the appointment of a guardian to take care of the Dauphin and his sister, who since the execution of her aunt Elizabeth in May had been alone; she had not, however, been so ill-treated as the Dauphin, and being six years older had contrived to look after herself and keep her room and her person clean.

This guardian was Christophe Laurent, a young creole of twenty-four, who was selected by Barras. The Duchess of Angoulême says of him that she had nothing but praise for his behaviour during the time he was in her service, but she told Mme. de Tourzel that he treated her better than he did her brother.

Laurent found the Dauphin in a deplorable condition: he had lost his appetite and his sleep, and was very weak. Laurent, accordingly, asked the Committee of Public Security to verify the state in which he found the Dauphin, and the following day several members of the Committee, having come to the Temple and seen for themselves, ordered that he should be better treated.

For more than a month, however, the Dauphin

remained in the room in which Barras had found him, and no steps were taken to clean and disinfect it. The reason for this neglect is hard to understand, and some have seen in it a proof that Laurent had discovered that the boy entrusted to his charge was not the real Dauphin. But this explanation explains nothing, for since Laurent was an ardent republican and a humane man, it is as hard to account for his negligence if the boy was some unfortunate child of the people substituted for the Dauphin, as if he was the King's son himself.

At last Liénard, the steward of the Temple, told some of the municipal officers who had noticed a foul smell that it came from the Dauphin's room, and that the filthy condition it was in had taken away the child's appetite and he was hardly eating anything. They ought, he told them, to go in themselves and see what the room was like. This, however, they would not do without special authority from the Committee of General Security.

A few days later the gunpowder explosion at Grenelle, which rumour attributed to a royalist plot, led the Committee of General Security to send two of its members, Dumont and Goupilleau de Fontenay, to the Temple to make sure that the two royal children had not been rescued from it, and from them Laurent obtained permission to have the prince's room cleaned and the vermin caused by the filth in it to be exterminated.

When on the morrow he entered the room accompanied by Liénard, Gagnié and some municipal officers, they found the prince lying on the bed, pale and thin as a spectre, and his dinner on the table untouched.

"Monsieur Charles!" exclaimed Gagnié. "Why don't you eat? You ought to eat."

"No, my friend, no; I wish to die!" answered the Dauphin.

Laurent then proceeded with the work of purification. He had the prince's hair and nails cut, and his filthy and verminous underclothes taken off; he caused him to be given a bath and clothed in clean underlinen. Next he had the room cleaned, the wooden bedstead, which was infested with bugs, removed, and an iron one brought down from the floor above. Clean bedclothes were provided, and a certain amount of light and air let into the room; the iron door was removed, and the wooden one which had formerly been there replaced.

By these means the Dauphin's sufferings were alleviated a little, but his lot was still pitiable enough. Laurent paid him three short visits every day—"but for fear of compromising himself dared not do all he would have liked, being watched," writes the Duchess of Angoulême.

The Dauphin was still allowed no lamp or candle at night, and seems to have grown more and more apathetic; he spoke little, if at all, to Laurent or to any of the municipal officers, except the mason Barelle whom he had known for a long time. The long torture he had undergone had crushed his spirit.

Once again a question arises which demands an answer: Why did Laurent allow a whole month to elapse before he took any active steps to improve the prince's condition? The answer, or rather the clue which may lead to the answer, is found in one of Barras' autograph notes, in which he says that when he told the Committee of Public Safety he was going to report the Dauphin's condition to the Convention they answered: "Take care you don't. We are going to concern ourselves and give orders that the prisoners should be well treated and cared for."

Now, this suggests that Barras and the Committee of Public Safety were not altogether agreed on the subject, and though Barras adds that he assured himself that the orders were given and executed, it

is obvious that he was mistaken in thinking they were executed, for they were not, and he may equally have been mistaken about their being given.

Laurent, though Barras' nominee, was actually the servant of the Committee of Public Security, and watched as he was by the municipal officers at the Temple, may well have hesitated to take any active steps without definite commands from his masters. Since, when Laurent did at last take action, he did so by the express permission of two members of the Committee of General Security, it seems highly probable that his delay was due to lack of definite instructions.

From the beginning of September the Dauphin, although in some respects better looked after, still remained a close prisoner, for Laurent would permit no one but himself and the municipal officers to see him. So rigorously did Laurent guard him that the guards of the Temple began to complain that they did not know whether they were guarding " stones or anything "; but Laurent succeeded in pacifying them without showing them the Dauphin.

Why, one naturally asks, this extreme caution on the part of Laurent and his employers? The answer is simple enough, reply some writers—the little prisoner was not the Dauphin at all, but a child who had been substituted for him either at the time when Simon had left the Temple or not long after Barras' visit to it; and the government of the day did not wish it generally known that the Dauphin had been removed.

But there is another answer equally simple and more convincing—that Barras and his colleagues did not wish the world at large to know the condition to which his six months' solitary confinement had reduced the Dauphin. The bright, intelligent, and apparently healthy child he had been a year ago might at any moment be a useful pawn in the political

game, but the moribund, misshapen, taciturn, almost imbecile boy into which cruel treatment had transformed him could be of no use to anyone.

It was the truth they had to conceal, not an imposture. Since, then, it was important for Laurent to keep the Dauphin concealed from the public view, he could not take him out in the Temple garden, and the only fresh air and exercise he could give him was on the roof of the tower.

M. de Beauchesne, in his "Louis XVII," tells two anecdotes connected with these walks on the tower which may, likely enough, be true, though he does not say how he learned them.

One day as the Dauphin descended from the tower he stopped opposite the door on the third floor, and seizing Laurent's arm leaned against the wall and gazed intently at it. Laurent dragged him away, but as he went downstairs he kept looking back at the door. No doubt he recognized it as that of the rooms he had once occupied and in which he believed his mother and aunt were still confined, for he did not know that they had both perished.

On another occasion as he passed this door he laid before it a handful of little yellow flowers which he had found growing between the stones on the roof of the tower.

While the little prince languished in his prison, closely guarded by Laurent, an unknown friend in England was plotting his rescue. This friend was Lady Atkyns. She had in her early youth been an actress, but left the stage on her marriage with a Norfolk baronet. Inspired by a passionate devotion for the French royal family, she spent her husband's money with lavish hands in attempts first to rescue Marie Antoinette and later the Dauphin from the Temple.

Her two principal agents were Peltier, a journalist who had sought refuge in London, and a Baron de

Cromier who had been Attorney-General to the President of Rennes. She was also in correspondence with Frotté, the gallant leader of the revolt in Normandy. An attempt, it is said, was made to bribe Laurent to effect the Dauphin's escape, and money was paid to people in higher positions, probably members of the Convention, to connive at it.

By the beginning of October, 1794, her plans must have been fairly well advanced, for Cromier wrote to her: "I think I can assure, positively affirm, that the Master and his property are saved, and that undoubtedly—besides, it is not to-day, it will be neither to-morrow nor the day after, nor for more than a month, but I think I am not less sure of it. I was never more tranquil."

If the government was aware of the existence of this plot, especially if it is true that an attempt had been made to bribe Laurent, it is not surprising that the Dauphin was jealously guarded: nor is it surprising that Laurent should have found the task of keeping a constant watch on him irksome. He grew weary of the continual confinement in the Temple which it involved, as Simon had done before him, and made several ineffectual attempts to get a second guardian appointed.

As early as the 19th September he had written to the Convention saying that he had already several times urged upon them the necessity of not leaving him alone at his post, but for the moment his letter had no effect, and it was not until the 8th November that the Committee of General Security appointed Gomin as his assistant, and at the same time arranged that the civil committees of the Parisian sections should send one of their members daily to the Temple, each one to fulfil this duty not oftener than one day a year.

CHAPTER XII

GOMIN

Jean Baptiste Gomin was a bachelor of thirty-seven with no near relatives; a reserved, solitary man, it would seem—"an honourable, right-thinking man, but extremely timid and always afraid of compromising himself," the Count Anglès describes him. The Duchess of Angoulême thought highly of him, as is shown by her choosing him to be one of those who accompanied her to Vienna when she was at last set at liberty. Most of those also who met him formed a favourable opinion of him, though Mme. de Tourzel thought him less frank and more ambitious than his subsequent colleague, Lasne.

Since the Committee of General Security had decided to give Laurent a "tried republican" as his assistant, and Gomin was appointed on the recommendation of the Commission of Administrative Police, he would seem to have had the reputation of being a staunch republican. It is, however, not improbable that some underground influence was at work, as Gomin himself told M. de Beauchesne, and that though ostensibly he was a republican, at heart he was a royalist.

From this time onward, for much of the Dauphin's history we are dependent on the statements which Gomin made many years later in his official deposition and in his private conversations with M. de Beauchesne.

Since most of what Gomin tells us was not put on record till more than forty years after it had happened, when he was a man of over eighty, it is not surprising that his memory should on certain points have played him false. He places the date of his appointment several months too early, and states that he saw the child "every moment of the day," though it is certain that part of his time he spent in attendance on the Duchess of Angoulême: he speaks of having been "assisted" by Laurent, though in fact it was he who was Laurent's assistant.

Still, on the whole Gomin's statement accords very well with the other evidence at our disposal, and even if he tended to magnify his office and the importance of his own services, and to exaggerate in some respects as old men are apt to do, there is not sufficient reason to doubt that his testimony is generally credible. Those, however, who believe that the child Gomin tended was not the Dauphin at all, and that Gomin knew it, place no reliance on anything he said. Such scepticism appears to us wholly unreasonable, and the basis on which it rests—Mme. de Tourzel's opinion that he was less frank and more ambitious than Lasne, and the impression he produced on a police official of being a sly sort of fellow—a wholly insufficient ground for discrediting his evidence.

We shall therefore make free use of Gomin's testimony, though with a certain amount of caution, because most of it is found only in M. de Beauchesne's Life of Louis XVII; and since M. de Beauchesne is a picturesque and imaginative writer, it is highly probable that he wrote up the anecdotes that Gomin recounted to him, and gave an idealistic colouring to his account of the closing days of the Dauphin's life.

But it is one thing to admit that Gomin may have exaggerated and M. de Beauchesne have improved

somewhat on Gomin's narrative, and another to set down the whole of Gomin's evidence as a tissue of lies; especially as the detailed statements he made in his old age are quite in harmony with the brief account which the Duchess of Angoulême gives of his kindness to her brother.

Gomin, she says, took the greatest possible care of the Dauphin; he obtained leave for him to have a light in his room after dark, he even spent several hours a day with him to amuse him; he noticed that his knees and wrists were swollen, and thought he was going to be attacked with rickets. He therefore asked leave to take him out into the garden; and took him down, for change of scene, into a room which the princess calls "the little parlour."

The Dauphin, touched by these attentions, soon became attached to his new guardian. "But," say those who would throw discredit on Gomin's testimony, "the Duchess is not an independent witness—she is only repeating what Gomin told her, and she had no means of verifying his statements."

Had she not? Did not Laurent remain at the Temple five months after Gomin's arrival and visit her three times a day, and after Laurent's departure was not Lasne Gomin's colleague? Is it altogether to be believed that had all Gomin told her been fiction neither Laurent nor Lasne should ever have said a word which would arouse her suspicions? especially as Laurent was always most attentive to her.

To say, moreover, that the Duchess of Angoulême merely repeats what Gomin chose to tell her is to state not a fact but a conjecture; it is at least as likely as not that Laurent and Lasne may have spoken to her of Gomin's kindness to the little prince, indeed it is not wholly improbable that not Gomin himself but Laurent was her informant, for all the attentions she records belong to the early days of

Gomin's guardianship, when he was still a stranger to her.

Be this as it may, the grounds for doubting what the princess relates of Gomin's behaviour are of the flimsiest; and if her account of it is to be trusted, as we believe it is, there is not sufficient reason to discredit the more detailed reminiscences he confided to M. de Beauchesne in his old age, due allowance being made for the inaccuracy and exaggeration which almost inevitably mark the statements of an old man recalling events which happened in days long gone by.

It was on the evening of the 9th November, 1794, that Gomin began his duties at the Temple.

Before taking him into the Dauphin's room Laurent asked him if he was acquainted with the little prince, and when he answered that he was not, said to him: "In that case some time will elapse before he says a word to you."

At the first sight he had of the Dauphin Gomin was struck by his mournful and sickly appearance; and the next day was horrified to find the state of neglect in which he was allowed to remain. Laurent, however, assured him that the little prisoner had been in a far worse condition when he first became his guardian.

Although his sympathies were aroused, Gomin, who was a timid man, and mortally afraid of compromising himself, dared at first do little to improve matters, but as opportunity offered he showed the Dauphin little marks of attention.

Three days after his arrival he brought the boy four pots of flowers. The Dauphin felt them and fondled them in his hands, but did not speak: and it was not until some time had elapsed that he said to Gomin: "It is you who gave me the flowers; I have not forgotten."

These words, the first Gomin ever heard him utter, show that the Dauphin was beginning to feel

confidence in his new guardian: but they also seem to show that it was only occasionally he could give expression to what was in his thoughts.

Laurent, now that he had an assistant he could leave in charge, was often absent from the Temple, and it was perhaps during his absence that Gomin found an opportunity of spending several hours a day with the Dauphin, amusing him, as the Duchess of Angoulême says he did.

On the 19th December, 1794, the Committee of General Security sent three of its members to see how the guardians were looking after their charges. One of them, Harmand, has left a long and detailed account of the visit, a document of great importance for the history of the Dauphin. This account, however, he did not write until more than twenty years later, and in it he uses expressions he certainly would not have used had he written it at the time; probably he even represents himself as more sympathetic to the little prisoner than he really was. He also makes a mistake about the date of the visit, which he places in February, 1795, though documentary evidence exists that it was on the 19th December, 1794. But in the main we may regard Harmand's account as an accurate one.

In the ante-room he found a stove which communicated with the adjoining room by an opening in the partition-wall, but could only be lighted in the ante-room; the reason for this, the guardians told him, was "not to leave the fire at a child's discretion." In the Dauphin's room was a wooden bedstead without curtains, the bedding and linen of which were satisfactory; there was a second bed without bedding which he was informed had formerly been Simon's.

These details all indicate that the Dauphin was now occupying his father's old room, and not the one in which he had been confined after Simon's departure.

We have no record of when the change was made, but one is inclined to attribute it to Gomin.

The room, Harmand notes, was clean and well-lighted.

When the visitors entered, the Dauphin, who was dressed in a new sailor-coat of slate-coloured cloth, sat at a little square table building houses with playing-cards, and appeared to pay no heed to them.

Harmand went up to him and explained that the government, having heard that he was in bad health and would neither take exercise nor reply to questions addressed to him, had sent him and his two companions to inquire into the matter, and they were authorized "to procure him the means of extending his walks and to offer him the objects of distraction and entertainment which he might desire."

While Harmand was speaking the Dauphin looked at him "with the appearance of the greatest attention," but made no answer.

So Harmand repeated what he had said, but more fully; he told the prince that if he wished for a horse or a dog, or birds or toys, or companions of his own age, he could have them. But never a word did the Dauphin utter.

Harmand then adopted a more scolding tone and told him his obstinacy in refusing to answer was inexcusable, especially as the object of all the questions he had asked was to find out what could be done to make him happier.

Still the Dauphin did not reply, but looked at Harmand with an expression of indifference and resignation, which seemed to say: "What does it matter? Finish off your victim!"

Since requests and entreaties had no effect Harmand thought he would try what a command would do. So standing on the prince's right he said "Sir, be good enough to give me your hand."

The Dauphin did as he was bid, and Harmand

feeling his arm, discovered two tumours, one at the wrist and another on the elbow; since the boy did not flinch when he touched them, he concluded that they were not painful.

Then Harmand asked him to get up so that he might examine his legs; the Dauphin at once obeyed, and Harmand found that he had swellings on both knees and at the back of the knee.

The description he gives of the boy as he appeared when he stood up must be quoted at length:

> "The young prince had the appearance of one with rachitis and a defect of formation; the legs and thighs were long and thin, the arms the same, the bust very short, the shoulders high and contracted, the head very beautiful in all its details, the complexion clear but without colour, the hair long and beautiful, well kept, of a light auburn."

Next Harmand asked him to walk. He at once obeyed, going as far as the door which led into the next room and back to the table, where he sat down again. Harmand then pointed out to him that his apathy was the cause of his sickness, and implored him to try and shake it off; they would, he said, send a doctor, and hoped that the prince would answer his questions.

But neither by word nor sign did the Dauphin show that he was paying any attention to what was being said to him: and when Harmand told him to walk again, he remained sitting with his elbows resting on the table.

Just at this moment the prince's dinner was brought in; it consisted of some black soup, a small piece of boiled beef, some lentils and six chestnuts; there were pewter spoons and forks, but no knife.

Harmand and his colleagues went out into the ante-room and gave orders that the Dauphin's fare should be improved, and especially that he should be

given fruit. They even sent out at once for some grapes.

On returning to the room where the little prisoner was they found that he had already eaten his unappetizing dinner.

"Are you content with your dinner?" asked Harmand.

No reply.

"Would you like some fruit?"

No reply.

"Do you like grapes?"

No reply.

When the grapes were brought in and placed on the table, the Dauphin at once ate them, but said nothing, and when asked if he wished for anything more still remained silent.

At last, finding that all their efforts to extract an answer from the prince were vain, Harmand and his colleagues withdrew into the ante-room, where they asked Laurent and Gomin whether the Dauphin's silence really dated from the day on which he had been made to sign the deposition against his mother, and they replied that this was so.

"I do not know," Harmand concludes, "if this young prince spoke to M. Dessault when that doctor went to see him."

These words are important, for they show that Harmand believed that the boy he had been questioning could have answered if he would, and was not, as some would have us believe, a deaf mute. Indeed the whole of Harmand's narrative implies his conviction that the boy's silence was due to sheer obstinacy, for had he been deaf and dumb he would not have heard and obeyed the commands to stand up and walk about, any more than he would have heard the numerous questions addressed to him.

A more serious difficulty is raised by his statement that Laurent and Gomin assured Harmand that the

child had never spoken since the day, more than a year before, when he had signed the declaration accusing his mother of terrible offences.

We must, however, carefully distinguish between the matter of fact and the matter of opinion. Laurent and Gomin could testify to the fact of the prince's silence only during the time he had been in their charge, and in doing so possibly meant no more than that he never spoke save to those whom he knew well, for we have the testimony both of Gomin and Lasne that the child spoke to them.

The reason Laurent and Gomin gave for his silence was only a conjecture, and one which is not altogether convincing. It seems more probable that it was due rather to the ill usage he had suffered, and the state of mental and moral torpor to which that ill usage had reduced him, than to remorse for making statements the full significance of which he perhaps did not understand.

Eckard indeed states that Dr. Naudin, after making careful inquiries, was convinced the Dauphin had never kept complete silence, and that the reason given by his guardians for his silence in the presence of strangers was completely imaginary; while M. de Beauchesne says that Gomin denied that he and Laurent could have made any such suggestion since they did not come to the Temple till many months after the prince made the declaration about his mother; Laurent nine months and Gomin thirteen.

The theory that a deaf mute had been substituted for the Dauphin is beset with so many difficulties as to make it wholly incredible.

Either we must assume that Barras, Gomin and Lasne all lied when they asserted that the child had spoken to them, or that while Barras spoke the truth Gomin and Lasne lied, or that there was more than one substitution.

So persistent, however, is this belief that a deaf

mute was at some time substituted for the Dauphin that it is worth considering in some detail.

But if there was a substitution when did it take place? If prior to Barras' visit to the Temple, then he, as well as Gomin and Lasne, was lying when he said that the boy spoke to him. If after Barras' visit and before Harmand's, then Gomin and Lasne did not speak the truth in their depositions, nor Harmand either, for his narrative makes it clear that the boy, though he would not speak, was not deaf since he could understand and obey a command.

Now since there is no positive evidence that another child was substituted for the Dauphin, and those who advocate the theory do not agree among themselves about the time at which the substitution was made, and some of them hold that there was not one but two substitutions, first of a deaf mute for the Dauphin and secondly of a rickety boy in a dying state for the deaf mute, and the whole theory is based on a series of conjectures, of "if's" and "might have beens," the only reasonable conclusion is that the evidence of Barras, Gomin, Lasne and Harmand is on the whole trustworthy, that the child whom Barras visited was the same child that would not answer Harmand's questions and eventually died in Lasne's arms, and that that child was none other than the Dauphin.

One objection to the theory that a deaf mute was put in the Dauphin's place after Barras' visit is this—deaf mutes are not very numerous, and to have found a deaf mute sufficiently like the Dauphin to be substituted for him would have been no easy task; still, by good luck it might have been done; but when we are asked to believe that not only was such a deaf mute found but that he also had swellings on his knees, as Barras had noticed the boy he visited had, our credulity will not bear the strain, and we are convinced that the boy who answered when Barras

spoke to him, but would not answer Harmand, was one and the same, the unfortunate little son of Louis XVI.

The Dauphin indeed was a constant source of anxiety to the government: some wished that he should be expelled from France, but others more far-sighted saw that nothing could be more pleasing to the royalists, and Cambacérès, in opposing a motion for the prince's expulsion, justly remarked: "There is little danger in keeping members of the Capet family in captivity; there is much in expelling them. The expulsion of tyrants has nearly always prepared the way for their restoration."

One deputy in the course of the debate expressed his surprise that the royal children had not been put to death during the Reign of Terror, a remark which called forth a murmur of indignation, which shows that the Convention at any rate had no sinister designs on the Dauphin's life.

A few days after this the chimney in the Dauphin's room smoked so badly that Gomin, with the permission of Cazeaux, the commissioner on duty, took the boy down into the Council Chamber on the first floor, where he had his dinner with his guardians and the commissioner. This incident is perhaps what the Duchess of Angoulême had in mind when she said that Gomin took her brother into "the little parlour."

Cazeaux, who thought the Dauphin did not look as ill as he had expected, asked Gomin whether it was only to arouse interest that he had represented him as in a dying condition.

"No, not dying," answered Gomin; "but the child is far from well."

"Well! he's as he is," said Cazeaux. "There are plenty of children as good as he who are sicker than he is; there are plenty who die and who are more wanted."

The Dauphin was greatly distressed by these

words and would not eat the rest of his dinner; he even rejected a sugared cake which Gomin gave him.

Gomin, timid as usual, dared make no reply to the commissioner's cruel remark, but Laurent answered him fearlessly: "It is true that the child is a little better, but his knees and wrists are very much swollen and he suffers a lot from them; if he does not complain it is because he's brave and feels he's a man. Isn't that so, Monsieur Charles?"

This incident, related to M. de Beauchesne by Gomin, bears its veracity stamped on the face of it, for had Gomin been making it up he would hardly have been likely to represent himself as having acted in a cowardly fashion and Laurent as boldly championing the little prince.

So deep and painful an impression did Cazeaux's callous words make on the Dauphin's mind that two days later Gomin heard him murmuring to himself: "There are plenty who die and who are more wanted."

For whatever Cazeaux might think of the Dauphin's appearance, he really was ill; from time to time he would have feverish attacks, and was gradually growing weaker. Sometimes when he went for a walk on the roof of the tower he was so feeble that his guardians had to carry him down in their arms; and he was always listless and disinclined to take exercise.

Yet the poor, suffering child was still left alone all night, locked in, not only in a room but on a floor by himself, for Laurent and Gomin slept on the floor below. During the day, too, though Gomin might spend several hours with him, playing draughts and always contriving to let him win, or helping him to build houses of cards, he must have spent many a lonely hour.

Gomin was doing his best, but his natural timidity and his constant dread of compromising himself made it impossible for him to do as much as he would fain

have done. He brought the Dauphin books to re[illegible] and on one occasion made an attempt to get his food improved, for except for the fruit ordered by Harmand, he was still given only the same fare as that provided for prisoners in other prisons; but Gomin's effort was in vain, for Liénard, the steward of the Temple to whom he appealed, replied that he had his orders and dared not disobey them.

One night in March, when Gomin was alone with him, the Dauphin got up and went towards the door, looking at Gomin with an appealing expression.

"You know it can't be," said Gomin, who guessed what the boy wanted.

"I wanted to see her once more," exclaimed the Dauphin; "let me see her before I die, please."

Gomin, who understood that the child was asking for his mother, whom he still believed to be on the floor above, led him back to his bed, where he lay for some time motionless and apparently unconscious.

Presently the Dauphin opened his eyes, and Gomin, who was distressed by the little boy's bitter disappointment, said to him: "It's not my fault if I cause you pain, my duty forbids me to do it; it's not my fault—tell me that you forgive me!"

At this the Dauphin burst out crying, and Gomin said: "Don't cry like that, Monsieur Charles, or they'll hear you."

Presently, when the boy grew calmer, he added: "You know well enough that the door is shut, and even supposing it were open, you would not wish to go out with the knowledge that by so doing you would condemn me to death."

Gomin dared not tell the Dauphin his mother was dead.

About ten days later a commissioner named de Collot said, after looking intently at the Dauphin: "That child has not sixty days to live!" and seeing that Laurent and Gomin were distressed by his words,

tinued : " I tell you, citizens, before sixty days are out he'll be imbecile or an idiot, if he is not dead."

Brutal as de Collot's words were, his opinion of the Dauphin's condition is in accord with what we learn from other sources, for the impression left on us by the scanty records of this part of his life is that the poor child was suffering in body, broken in spirit, and bemused in mind.

He was not actually imbecile, but probably his memory was impaired and his mind clouded; this perhaps affords the true explanation of his strange silence—it was not so much that he would not speak when a stranger such as Harmand addressed him, as that he could not speak, save to those who, like Gomin and Laurent, had won his confidence and of whom he felt no fear.

The tyranny of Simon and the long nightmare of his solitary confinement had left him no less shattered in mind than in body.

This view of the Dauphin's condition is supported by a remark which a member of the Convention made to Frotté in March, 1795, during the negotiations between the government and the royalist forces in the West. Frotté, who, it will be remembered, was plotting with Lady Atkyns and the Baron de Cromier to rescue the Dauphin from the Temple, had asked to be allowed to visit the little prince. " Your devotion would be useless," was the reply, " for under Robespierre this unhappy child's physique and mental faculties have been so distorted that the latter have been brutalized and the former will not allow him to live."

Is not that just the impression given by Harmand's account of his visit to the Temple, the impression of a child whose mental faculties had been brutalized?

CHAPTER XIII

LASNE

At the end of March Laurent resigned his post, and his place was taken by Etienne Lasne, an old soldier of thirty-eight. Though quiet and rather severe in appearance, he was kind-hearted and had a high sense of duty; nor was he, as Gomin was, timid and constantly afraid of compromising himself.

Gentle and affectionate as Gomin had showed himself towards the Dauphin, it appears that he had not been particularly careful about the cleanliness of either his room or his person, for not long after Lasne's arrival the Dauphin's bed had again to be purged of bugs, and Count Anglès, who made careful inquiries in 1817, says that it was only at that period that the Dauphin began to receive care and attention, though in another place the same writer says that Lasne and Gomin took special care of the Dauphin and were the first who kept his room clean.

Lasne himself said that he found the Dauphin in a state of extraordinary filth, and blamed Laurent for neglecting him.

Possibly things may not have been so bad as this would lead us to suppose during Laurent and Gomin's guardianship; it may only be that Lasne's standards were more exacting than theirs, for when somebody expressed surprise at all the trouble Lasne was taking, he replied: "Do you think I would have accepted my nomination to be the instrument of the Terror?"

One thing at least seems clear, that almost from the moment of his arrival at the Temple Lasne took the lead and Gomin became little more than an assistant to his stronger and more methodical

colleague. From the beginning of April Gomin chiefly attended to the princess, and Lasne to the Dauphin, whom he washed and dressed himself with great care every day.

At first the boy seemed rather afraid of his new guardian and did not speak to him until several weeks had elapsed, though later it appears that he became as much attached to Lasne as he was to Gomin.

At this point it will be well to make a few comments on the three depositions Lasne made regarding the events which happened during the time he was the Dauphin's guardian, for much has been written about them, and attempts have been made to throw discredit on everything he said.

Several facts should be noticed about these depositions:

First that Lasne was an old man when he made them, for he was seventy-seven when he made the first at the time of Richemont's trial in 1834, eighty when he made the second, and eighty-three when he made the third.

Secondly, they were made for a legal purpose, the two facts which it was hoped that Lasne's evidence would establish being (1) that the child whom he tended was really the little Dauphin, (2) that during the time of his guardianship another child had not and could not have been substituted for him, so that no importance attaches to Lasne's silence or omissions on matters not strictly relevant to one or other of these points.

Thirdly, Lasne refused to sign his third deposition, which obviously makes that deposition less valuable evidence than the other two; for the old man of eighty-three was probably feeling somewhat confused after the continuous questioning to which he had been subjected and was losing confidence in the accuracy of his own memory on points of detail.

Bearing these facts in mind, we may now consider

the alleged inaccuracies and discrepancies in Lasne's depositions.

The first, and most serious, is that in his first deposition he dates his guardianship from the month Fructidor in the second year of the Republic (i.e., August or September, 1794), whereas he did not enter upon his duties till April, 1795; in his second and third depositions he gives the date of his appointment correctly.

So far from his mistake proving that Lasne was a venal fabricator saying what he was paid to say, it rather suggests that he was stating things as he remembered them, without reference to written notes or memoranda, and in so doing made a blunder about a date, natural enough in a man of seventy-seven when speaking of events which had happened forty years before.

Much the same may be said of the second mistake he made when he stated that the Dauphin was confined on the third floor of the tower, for when it is remembered that there were two floors beneath that where the prince was, the ground floor and the first floor, we see that in speaking of the third floor instead of the second, Lasne was only making a technical slip.

More serious at first sight is the apparent discrepancy between his first and third depositions regarding the extent to which the Dauphin spoke to him. In the first he said: "I talked with the child every day, but never on serious or grave subjects. These conversations have left deep memories in my mind." In the third: "On one occasion only he deigned to address a word to me."

But the discrepancy is more apparent than real, as is seen when the words of Lasne's third deposition are read in their immediate context; speaking of the Dauphin's last days he said: "Unhappily we could not overcome a fever which devoured him. Amid the

most acute sufferings the prince showed a most extraordinary impassiveness; no complaint escaped his mouth, and he never broke silence. On one occasion only he deigned to address a word to me."

Surely when Lasne said this he meant that the Dauphin spoke to him only once during the last few days of his life, when he was in great pain, and not that he had kept silence during the whole of the time he was under Lasne's care.

The only serious difference between Lasne's depositions and Gomin's is that Lasne seems to imply, though he does not actually state, that he was the Dauphin's sole guardian during the last ten weeks of his life, for he never mentions Gomin; yet in his first deposition he refers to Laurent, who, he says, had neglected him and left him without attention, and in his third speaks of " his former guardians " and charges them with neglect. Is not the most probable explanation of this, that while Lasne regarded Gomin as blameworthy for not having kept the Dauphin clean, he did not wish to blame his former colleague by name?

The more I study the depositions of Gomin and Lasne the more convinced I am that the opinion formed of them by the Court of Appeal at Paris, which dismissed the case brought by Naundorff's family in 1874, is a just one. This opinion was that despite inaccuracies in points of detail, Gomin and Lasne were truthful and reliable witnesses, and their evidence on the main facts unshaken.

I will only add that had Gomin and Lasne been in exact agreement on every point the very critics who magnify every small difference that can be found between them, or between Lasne's first and third depositions, would probably have been the first to argue that such exact agreement was in itself highly suspicious, and that Gomin and Lasne were obviously repeating what they had been instructed to say.

In their depositions I can find no mistakes but such as old men were likely to make when trying to give an account of events which had happened forty years before; and granted that each of them does seem to have desired to pose as the principal actor in a memorable scene, is that a proof that either of them was deliberately lying?

The Duchess of Angoulême, who describes Lasne as an honest man, says that with Gomin he took great care of her brother. Curiously enough, she spells both of their names wrong, calling them respectively "Gomier" and "Loine."

One of the first things Lasne did was to tell the turnkey, Gourlet, to make less noise in opening and shutting the doors when he brought up the Dauphin's dinner: and ordered him to grease the locks and bolts. Gourlet did as he was bid, but the next day the commissioner on duty asked him why he did not lock all the doors as he had formerly done. Gourlet replied that he was acting on Lasne's instructions, whereupon the commissioner told him the doors were there to be shut, and in future he was to lock and bolt them all.

This little incident demonstrates both Lasne's desire to show attention to the prince and the difficulties which beset him. He contrived, however, to spend most of the day with the Dauphin, trying to amuse him by singing to him, and sometimes Gomin would play his violin while Lasne sang.

If the day was fine, Lasne would take him on to the battlement, though sometimes the poor child had hardly strength to mount the stairs; if it was wet he would play cards with him.

It seems clear that Lasne and Gomin did their best to make the poor little sufferer as happy as they could. He was given playthings of various kinds, among them a toy printing-press and a miniature billiard-table; there were books also—one of them

Young's "Night Thoughts," a French translation, presumably, of that edifying but not very enlivening poem, which, strange to relate, his guardians used to read aloud to him. It is hard to understand how a child of ten could take much interest in such a book, but children sometimes have strange tastes, and maybe it was chiefly because his parents used to read it that the boy liked to hear it.

Yet in spite of all Lasne's kindness it was not till he had been three weeks at the Temple that the Dauphin spoke a word to him, but once the ice was broken he became greatly attached to him, and treated him with familiarity, calling him "thou" when addressing him instead of the more formal "you."

The emissaries of Lady Atkyns were still striving to effect the Dauphin's abduction from the Temple, and the King of Spain was negotiating with the French government for his release; the negotiations, however, came to nothing, for the French Republic dared not hand over so precious a hostage until a general peace was arranged, and the plans for rescuing the unhappy little Dauphin bore no fruit.

Meanwhile the boy was growing weaker and weaker. On the 4th May Lasne and Gomin made an entry in the register of the Temple which was shown every day to the Committee of General Security: "The little Capet is unwell." The Committee apparently took no heed of this entry. The next day their entry was: "The little Capet is dangerously ill," but no attention was paid to this either, so finally on the 6th May they wrote in their register: "His life is in danger."

This at last caused the Committee of General Security to take action, and they sent Dessault to visit the Dauphin. The doctor at once perceived that the child's condition was very serious—he had scrofulous tumours on his right knee and left arm, and had sunk into a state of extreme weakness. From the first

Dessault hardly expected him to recover, but asked that the boy should be removed into the country as a forlorn hope. His request was not granted.

A little incident worth recording took place probably during the time that Dessault was attending the Dauphin. The boy persistently refused to take some medicine which the doctor had prescribed.

"What!" said the doctor, "do you think your draught is poisoned? Well, I am going to drink it!" and he drank it.

Thereupon the Dauphin answered: "They have sworn that I should drink it also"—which he did.

Such is the account Lasne gives in his first deposition. In his third he gives a rather more detailed and slightly different one, for he represents himself and not the doctor as drinking the draught. But this discrepancy in the details does not prove the whole incident to be fictitious, it only shows that in his old age Lasne's memory was a little confused, a fact which he seems to have been aware of himself when he refused to sign his third deposition, made, be it remembered, when he was eighty-three.

The Dauphin soon became fond of Dessault and talked to him freely. One day when he was about to leave he caught hold of the tail of his coat to induce him to stay longer.

By Dessault's orders his guardians carried him up daily on to the battlements so that he might get some fresh air, but despite their faithful nursing the doctor had to announce at the end of a fortnight that the little sufferer was no better.

Ill though he was, no woman nurse was sent to wait upon him, and neither Lasne nor Gomin was allowed to stay with him at night. Strange nurses they were for a dying child of ten—the stern, silent, conscientious old soldier, Lasne, and the kindly, timid, rather inefficient Gomin! They did their best, no doubt, but they can hardly have done for the child

many of the little things a competent woman nurse could and would have done.

For this, however, Lasne and Gomin cannot be blamed. The marvel rather is that this strange pair of sick nurses should have shown the care and affection they did to their little patient. Had Laurent still been there instead of Lasne, one may conjecture that the Dauphin's last days would have been far more lonely and comfortless than they were.

The Dauphin rarely spoke to any of the commissioners, but he did to Bellanger, who asked him if he was receiving proper care and attention. Bellanger must, it would seem, have shown more interest in the boy than most of the commissioners did, for he took out his pocket-book and made a pencil-sketch of the Dauphin, from which he subsequently had a bust of him made.

At the end of May Dessault was taken suddenly ill and died after two days' illness. As almost invariably happened in France in the eighteenth century when any well-known persons died suddenly, rumours got about that he had been poisoned; some said because he had refused to poison the Dauphin, others because he had given the Dauphin a slow poison and the instigators of the crime wished to get rid of the actual perpetrator of it. There is, of course, no shadow of evidence that Dessault was poisoned.

From the 31st May till the 5th June no doctor visited the Temple, but on the afternoon of the latter day Pelletan, who had been appointed Dessault's successor, came; he made no change in the treatment which Dessault had ordered, but he did concern himself with the comfort of the little patient, and gave detailed instructions about his diet, which suggest that he did not anticipate that his death was near at hand, although at a later time he said that he saw from the first that the case was hopeless.

He blamed the commissioners because the bars

which obscured the windows had not been removed, nor the great bolts on the doors which made an intolerable noise every time they were drawn. As Pelletan was speaking in a loud tone on this subject, the Dauphin made a sign to him to come to him. Pelletan did so, and the boy said: "I am afraid my sister may hear you, and I should be sorry she should know I was ill because it would cause her much pain."

It was probably on the following day, the 6th June, that Pelletan had the Dauphin removed into another room. "This same surgeon," writes Eckard, "had the prisoner transported into the gatekeeper's sitting-room, the windows of which looked out over the garden; the sight of the sun and the foliage seemed to calm the sufferings of the august invalid." It is not, however, clear which this room was, nor how long the Dauphin remained there, for on the 7th June the commissioner rebuked Lasne and Gomin for having removed the prince without the orders of the Committee of General Security, which probably caused them to take him back to his old room.

On the same day the Dauphin fainted, which made his guardians very anxious about him, and when Pelletan arrived, accompanied by his newly appointed colleague, Dumangin, they told them of the anxiety which the prince's fainting-fit had caused them. The doctors accordingly sent a bulletin to the Committee in which they demanded that a woman should be sent to sit up at nights with the Dauphin; and on the following day the Committee agreed to their demand.

Before leaving, the doctors, who thought that there was no immediate danger, said that they would come on the morrow—Pelletan at eight and Dumangin at eleven, which shows that they regarded the patient's condition as serious.

On the morning of the 8th June Lasne made the Dauphin get up as usual and dressed him, but the boy was so unwell he soon had to put him back to bed

again. The doctors came as they had arranged, but appear to have regarded the prince's condition as hopeless.

At mid-day Damont, the commissioner for the day, arrived. He at once, to quote his own words, recognized the little boy as "the same person he had seen before his imprisonment giving his hand to the Queen and walking in his little garden beside the terrace at the water's edge." He perceived how ill the prince was, and believed Lasne did so too, though Lasne appeared to be unwilling to believe that the end was near.

Damont insisted that Gomin should at once be sent to the Convention to inform it of the prince's condition. Before setting out Gomin came into the room to see the prince.

"I am sorry to see you suffering so, Monsieur Charles," he said.

"Be comforted," said the Dauphin. "I shall not always suffer."

During Gomin's absence Damont helped Lasne to attend to the little patient, who was growing worse and worse.

"Put me somewhere where I shall not suffer so much," the child said to Lasne, and these were the last words he ever spoke.

At two o'clock the Dauphin was so ill that he was apparently on the point of death, and Lasne and Damont sent a mounted messenger to Pelletan begging him to come at once. He rallied, however, and Damont, thinking perhaps that the attack having passed there was no immediate danger, left Lasne alone with him. But if this was what Damont thought, he was mistaken, for a few minutes before three, just at the moment Gomin returned from the Convention, the Dauphin expired in Lasne's arms.

So ended the long martyrdom of the little prince,

who in his brief life of ten years had suffered more in mind and body than most men do in three score years and ten. Though his death may not have been, probably was not, due to the ill-treatment he had received, though that ill-treatment may not even have shortened his life, it does seem to have affected his mind to such an extent that his sister tells us there was reason to fear that had he recovered he would have become imbecile.

Lasne and Gomin were both deeply affected by the loss of their little charge and wept bitterly, but they had other things to think of besides indulging their sorrow, for the Dauphin's death put them in a position beset with difficulty.

They were, of course, aware that as soon as it was known that the Dauphin was dead rumours would get afloat that he had been poisoned, and would probably name his guardians as the assassins or the accomplices of the assassins; it was natural that they should not wish the news of the Dauphin's death to leak out until they had officially informed the government of it, and received instructions how they were to act.

Besides themselves and the commissioner Damont, only one other person in the Temple knew that the prince was dead—the turnkey Gourlet: probably because they had not confidence in his discretion they put him in confinement, to make sure his tongue should not wag until they received instructions from the Committee of General Security.

They then wrote a letter to the Committee saying what they had done and asking for orders. Of this letter Gomin himself was the bearer. The Committee answered that as the session of the conventions was over for the day, so that it could not be officially informed of what had happened till the morrow, the Dauphin's death should be kept secret till then.

When Gomin returned to the Temple the secretary of the Committee, Bourguignon, accompanied him,

bringing an order that Pelletan and Dumangin should seek the assistance of two other competent doctors and proceed to open the body and ascertain its condition. When they reached the Temple they found Pelletan there, for he had arrived during Gomin's absence and Lasne had detained him until he received orders from the Committee. As soon as Pelletan had been told what was required of him he left the Temple, promising Lasne and Gomin that he would act with complete discretion, as did Dumangin, who called at the Temple an hour or two later.

To keep the Dauphin's death a secret from the world without was a simple enough task, but keep it from the staff of the Temple was more difficult. Indeed there was only one way of doing it, that which the guardians actually followed. They behaved as if the little patient were still alive, and "to avoid all suspicion" had his food and medicine brought up as usual.

In all this it seems that everyone acted in a perfectly natural and intelligible manner. It would have been strange indeed had Lasne and Gomin on their own responsibility published the news of the Dauphin's death, without awaiting orders from the Committee of General Security. It would have been stranger still if when they had received these orders they had not carried them out.

Nor is there anything suspicious about the action of the Committee; it must have known that as soon as the news of the Dauphin's death became public property the cry of "He has been poisoned!" would issue from a thousand mouths. It was but a reasonable precaution to order a post-mortem examination which would establish the real cause of his death to be made before his death was publicly announced.

Yet in these simple and obvious precautions some writers have seen a convincing proof that the boy who died in the Temple was not the Dauphin: their object,

says one of them, was to gain a few hours; but one naturally asks, if the dead boy was not the Dauphin, but another who had been substituted for him, what difference could it make whether his death was announced twenty-four hours earlier or later? and to this question no answer is forthcoming.

Again, the anxiety of those in authority to have the identity of the corpse attested by a number of witnesses is quite intelligible, for several times reports of the Dauphin's escape had got about, and obviously, whether they were false or true, it was inconvenient for the government that they should be believed. Its action is at least as reasonable on the supposition that the boy was the Dauphin as on the supposition that he was not.

Lasne, Gomin, Damont, Darlot, the commissioner on the 9th of June, all asserted that they had seen the Dauphin at the Tuileries before his imprisonment and that they recognized the little prisoner of the Temple as the Dauphin, and nothing in the official archives disproves or invalidates their testimony.

But, it is argued, a member of the Convention told Frotté that the Dauphin had been so brutalized by the treatment he had suffered that a man such as Darlot, who had seen him only a few times, could not possibly have recognized him. To this it may be answered that Frotté's informant did not say that he had himself seen the Dauphin, nor that his face was altered; but that "his physical and mental qualities had been distorted"—words which will not bear the interpretation it is sought to put upon them; secondly that Harmand, who did see the boy six months before his death, while noticing the deformities of his body, adds that "the head was very beautiful in all its details."

A theory which rests on the supposition that every witness whose evidence does not support it was lying, most of them deliberately, is surely one which no unbiassed historian can seriously entertain.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BURIAL

On the morrow the news of the Dauphin's death was made public, Achille Sevestre formally announcing it to the Convention, on behalf of the Committee of General Security.

"Citizens," he said, "for some time the son of Capet has been inconvenienced by a swelling on the right knee and the left wrist; on the 15th Floréal (4th May) the pains increased, the patient lost his appetite and fever supervened. . . . Their (the doctors') bulletin of yesterday at eleven a.m. announced disquieting symptoms for the life of the patient, and at a quarter-past two in the afternoon we received the news of the death of the son of Capet."

It is obvious that Sevestre made a slip about the exact time of the Dauphin's death, which did not take place till nearly three o'clock and was announced to the Committee of General Security by Gomin shortly before four, when he said a quarter-past two; he was probably thinking of Gomin's first visit to the Committee of General Security when he brought word that the Dauphin was dying, for there is no reason to think that Sevestre was deliberately misrepresenting the facts, and it mattered nothing whether the Dauphin had died at two o'clock or an hour later.

At eleven o'clock Pelletan, Dumangin and the other two doctors whom they had selected to help them in making the post-mortem examination arrived at the Temple. These doctors were de Lassus and

Jeanroi. The former, be it noted, had been surgeon to Mme. Victoire, Louis XVI's aunt, and must therefore have been acquainted with the Dauphin as a little boy, while Jeanroi, who had been doctor to the house of Lorraine, was also acquainted with him: he told Mme. de Tourzel that when he was asked to help in the post-mortem he was unwilling to do so, and informed the Committee of General Security that if he preceived the least trace of poison he should say so, even at the risk of his life.

"You are exactly the man it is essential for us to have," they replied, "and it is for that reason that we have preferred you to anyone else."

These words indicate as clearly as anything can that the Committee was confident the Dauphin had not been poisoned, and wished to have the fact established by irrefutable testimony. Had the Committee known or even suspected that the Dauphin had been poisoned, they certainly would not have sent Jeanroi to help at the post-mortem.

Of the four doctors, then, who made the post-mortem, three—Pelletan, de Lassus and Jeanroi—had all seen the Dauphin before his imprisonment. The conclusion which the doctors reached after making a careful examination of the Dauphin's body was that he had died of a scrofulous affection of long standing.

Pelletan, many years later, said he could not attribute his death to ill-treatment and moral sufferings, but to a scrofulous disorder and "other physical conditions which must not be mentioned"—there was no trace of his having died a violent death. It is possible, but not certain, that when Pelletan spoke of "other physical conditions" he may have referred to a taint in the blood the Dauphin had derived from his mother's family; it is at any rate quite clear that he is not referring to poison.

There were six witnesses present at the post-

mortem—Lasne, Gomin, Damont, Meunier, the chief cook at the Temple, who had formerly been a member of the royal household at the Tuileries, Gourlet and Baron, who had been on the staff of the Temple from the beginning of the Dauphin's imprisonment—all of them, especially the last three, men who were in a position to know whether the dead body was that of the Dauphin or not.

Yet the form in which the doctors' report is couched has been seized upon by some as proof that the boy who died in the Temple was not the Dauphin.

In the opening paragraph of the report are these words:

> "We found on a bed the corpse of a dead child who appeared to us to be about ten years old, which the commissioners told us was that of the deceased Louis Capet, and two of us recognized as the child whom they had been attending for several days."

Why, it is asked, if three of the doctors who were about to perform the post-mortem knew the Dauphin, should they think it necessary to say that the commissioners said it was? Of course, answer those who think the Dauphin escaped, the doctors knew or suspected that the corpse was not his, and so contented themselves with stating what Lasne and Gomin had told them.

There is no "of course" about it, and really a difficulty is being invented where none exists, for in the first place it was no part of the doctors' duty to establish the identity of the corpse, and secondly in writing as they did the doctors were only employing a formula which had been in use for nearly a century and is still used to-day. The strange thing would have been if they had diverged from the common practice instead of following it.

How firmly convinced Pelletan was that the corpse

was that of the Dauphin is proved by his abstracting the heart and preserving it as a precious relic.

The other doctors and those who had been present at the post-mortem were talking together in the embrasure of the window while Pelletan was sewing up the incisions which had been made in the body, so, believing he was unobserved, Pelletan abstracted the heart, wrapped it in a piece of linen and put it in his pocket. He also cut off a portion of the Dauphin's hair; part of this, at Damont's request, he gave to him and part he kept himself.

Pelletan preserved the heart in spirits of wine, and regarded it as a precious relic, but it was stolen from him by a private pupil named Tillos, who lived in his house. At Tillos' death his father-in-law restored it to Pelletan, who, after the Restoration, wished to present it to Louis XVIII; the King was at first disposed to accept it, but was dissuaded from doing so by a professional rival of Pelletan who cast doubts on its genuineness.

The story of the taking of the heart rests, of course, mainly on Pelletan's own evidence, but it is supported by the statement of Dumangin that he saw Pelletan put something in his pocket, after carefully wrapping it up; Dumangin added that he had no doubt of the truth of Pelletan's assertion that this something was the Dauphin's heart, and he believed Pelletan to have taken it thus secretly to avoid compromising himself or anyone else who might be in his confidence.

Still, convinced though we are that the relic was genuine, we can easily understand why Louis XVIII, and later the Duchess of Angoulême, hesitated to accept it, for they did not definitely refuse it, and it is not surprising that they wished for more conclusive proof than Pelletan's own statement before accepting it. Their hesitation is not proof that they did not believe the relic to be genuine, still less is it proof that they did not believe the boy from whose body

it was taken to be the Dauphin; it is only proof that they wished for evidence of a more final and conclusive kind than Pelletan was in a position to offer.

After many vicissitudes it at length passed into the possession of a member of the House of Bourbon, Don Carlos.

On the 10th June, the day after the post-mortem, the commissioner for the day, Guérin, arrived at the Temple at noon, and since he made a memorandum of what took place we can quote his own words:

> "The news of this death" (he writes) "which had been preceded by no announcement of sickness, being likely to cause troublesome conjectures, it appeared to me that the two commissioner-guardians, Lasne and Gomin, have tried to mitigate the effect by every means that prudence could suggest to them. With this intention they asked me if I had known the child, and should recognize him if I saw him. I had seen the sometime Dauphin at the Tuileries about four years before. I answered that if his death, which had happened nearly forty-eight hours ago, and the operation of opening the body had not disfigured him too much, I should, perhaps, recognize him. They made me go upstairs. The face was uncovered. I recognized him."

When Guérin spoke of troublesome "conjectures" he was probably thinking of rumours that the Dauphin had been poisoned; he may also have heard whispers about the Dauphin having been removed from the Temple.

He goes on to narrate that when the police-officer whose duty it was to register the death arrived, Lasne and Gomin,

> "to surround themselves still further with a

greater number of witnesses to the identity of the individual who was to be buried, invited the two civil commissioners of the section of the Temple, and the whole staff of the guard on duty, to take part in this verification, and those of them who recognized the son of Louis Capet to declare it and attest it by their signatures."

This having been duly done, the body was placed in a wooden coffin which had been obtained from the gatekeeper of the cemetery, and Dusser, the police-officer, drew up the certificate or declaration of death. This certificate, despite the attempts that have been made to discredit it, appears to have been absolutely in accordance with the legal requirements. The Dauphin having no near adult male relatives available to make the declaration, Lasne and Gomin did so as his guardians, and it was signed by them, by the police-officer Dusser, and the two civil commissioners of the section of the Temple, Arnoult and Goddet.

In all this there is nothing at all suspicious, for in view of the persistent rumours that the Dauphin had been, or was about to be, rescued from the Temple, it was only natural that Lasne and Gomin should take every precaution in their power to establish the identity of the corpse. And how overwhelming the testimony to that identity is; apart from the guardians themselves, there were the commissioners Damont, Darlot, Guérin and others who signed the Temple register; as well as the three doctors, Jeanroi, de Lassus and Pelletan.

The evidence of Jeanroi is particularly striking: he told Mme. de Tourzel that he had only seen the Dauphin occasionally before his imprisonment, but that death had not altered his features. On being shown a good likeness of the Dauphin, he exclaimed:

"One could not make a mistake about it; it is he himself—one cannot fail to recognize him!"

It seems, then, wholly incredible that Lasne and Gomin palmed off, as some would have us believe, another child on the doctors and commissioners, and succeeded in getting them all to be convinced that he was the Dauphin.

As orders had been received that the funeral was to take place that evening, "in the ordinary place and according to the usual forms," the commissioners, having heard that a crowd was collecting outside the Temple, asked that two detachments of twenty or twenty-five men each should be sent to keep order.

At half-past eight the funeral procession left the main gate of the Temple—Lasne, Gomin, Guérin, Damont, Dusser and others accompanying the coffin, which was covered with a pall and carried by "four men who relieved one another two at a time; it was escorted by eight soldiers, commanded by a sergeant."

These details, which are taken from Dusser's official report, are to some extent confirmed by a water-colour said to have been painted at the time by the Viscount Morel de Vindé. In it can be seen the coffin covered with a pall, but it is being carried by four men, and not, as Dusser seems to imply, by two, while the noble viscount has provided a far more imposing military escort than eight soldiers and a sergeant. The important point, however, is that he agrees with Dusser in representing the coffin as being carried by hand and covered with a pall.

This at once disposes of the absurd story that the coffin was taken in a carriage with a false bottom, and that during the transit from the Temple to the cemetery the Dauphin, who had been put into the coffin alive, was taken out of it and hidden in the false bottom of the carriage, while the coffin was filled with wastepaper!

At about nine o'clock the funeral cortège reached

the cemetery of St. Marguérite, where the coffin was placed in a common grave. At least that is what Bureau, the gatekeeper of the cemetery, and the widow of Valentin the sexton, said; on the other hand, Voisin, the undertaker, asserted that it was placed in a private grave, which he himself had dug that morning. Voisin is, to some extent, supported by Dusser, who in his official report says that the body was buried "near the common grave," while in 1814 he declared that it was placed "in a separate grave and not in the common grave."

It is, however, well to remember that when Dusser made this statement in 1814 he was applying for an appointment as Commissioner of Police from the government of Louis XVIII, and so was obviously not a disinterested witness. Still, the words of his official report made in 1795—"near the common grave"—seem clearly to mean that the Dauphin was not buried *in* the common grave.

Here, then, is a direct contradiction, for since the common grave of the day was a long trench in which a large number of bodies were buried, it is hard to believe that Voisin or anybody else could have taken it for a private grave intended to receive a coffin four foot six long, and vice versa, that anyone could have mistaken a little private grave for the common one. Besides, while Voisin said that he dug a private grave himself, Bureau, the gatekeeper, denied that there was any private grave made at all.

To make confusion worse confounded, the widow Valentin declared that her husband had told her that on the night of the funeral or the night after he had removed the body from the common grave to a spot on the left of the church door, which he had indicated to a beadle named Decouflet and to nobody else, and Decouflet supported the widow Valentin's statement.

But this is not all. In 1816, Charpentier,

gardener of the Luxembourg, stated that on the 13th June he and two workmen were taken at eleven p.m. to the Cemetery de Clamart by a member of the revolutionary committee of the section of the Luxembourg, and ordered to dig a grave in which they placed a coffin four and a half feet long, which three other members of the committee had brought with them. Charpentier and his assistants then filled in the grave and removed as far as possible all traces that the earth had been disturbed. They received orders to keep the whole affair secret, and only learned whose body it was from a jocular remark which one of the members of the committee made. "Little Capet," he said, laughing, "will have a long way to go to find his family!"

On the whole, Charpentier's story seems the least probable of the three, and we are left to choose between Voisin's and the widow Valentin's.

In 1846 the Abbé Haumet, the Curé of St. Marguérite, was having some excavations made and found a lead shell at the very spot indicated by the widow Valentin and the beadle Decouflet as that to which Valentin had removed the Dauphin's remains, though it must be remembered that the Dauphin's coffin was wooden, not a leaden one.

The doctors who were called in to examine the bones contained in the leaden coffin were not quite unanimous in their conclusions.

Dr. Milcent held (1) that the bones were those of the person Harmand had seen in the Temple, and belonged to the body on which Pelletan and his colleagues had performed a post-mortem; (2) that they were those of a youth between fifteen and eighteen years old. Dr. Recamier held that the bones of the limbs and the teeth were those of a boy of fifteen or sixteen, the ribs and collar-bone those of a very young subject.

The reasons for identifying the skeleton with that

of the boy who died in the Temple in June, 1795, were that it was found at the spot indicated by the widow Valentin, and that the skull bore traces of having been sawn open by a practised hand, just as Pelletan said he had sawed that of the boy on whose body he performed a post-mortem. If this were all, we should naturally conclude that the bones were those of the lad who died in the Temple, and that he was not the Dauphin. Two facts, however, give us pause: the bones were found in a leaden coffin, not a wooden one, and seem not all to have belonged to the same person.

In 1894 the bones were again exhumed and examined by a number of doctors, who came to the conclusion that they were the same bones that had been examined in 1846, and if they were the same as those buried in 1795 then not those of the Dauphin, since they were those of a person of twenty or thereabouts, probably a male.

In 1904 M. Pascal, who had been present when the examination was made in 1894, informed the Commission of Ancient Paris that at the time the doctors took no account of "two little shoulder-bones and ribs which belonged to a child of ten and were mingled with the bones of an adult examined by them," nor did they mention them in their report.

M. Pascal's statement, it should be noticed, confirms that made by Recamier in 1846, and indicates that all the bones did not belong to the same person.

The skull remains a difficulty; that it had been sawn as Pelletan had sawn the prisoner's skull is a curious coincidence, but it is rash to jump to the conclusion that it was therefore the same skull, and that of somebody who had been substituted for the Dauphin and not the Dauphin himself. To do so involves three glaring improbabilities: that a young man of "twenty or thereabouts" had been substituted for a child of ten; that the four doctors who made

the post-mortem mistook the corpse of a young man of twenty for that of a boy of ten; and that the corpse of a young man of twenty was buried in a coffin four and a half feet long, which, since the doctors who examined the bones in 1894 agreed that the owner of them, when alive, must have been from five feet to five feet six high, seems manifestly impossible.

The reasons, then, for identifying these bones with those of the boy who died in Lasne's arms on the 8th June, 1795, appear to be quite insufficient, and we entirely agree with M. Lambeau, the author of the report of the Commission of Ancient Paris on the ancient parish cemetery of St. Marguérite, that a careful study of all the available evidence leaves on our minds "the conviction . . . at least a strong presumption of the Dauphin's death in the Temple and his burial at St. Marguérite."

After the burial there was but one more formality to be attended to: the act of decease had to be registered at the town hall of the section of the Temple; this was done in accordance with the legal requirements and signed by two witnesses, Lasne and Bigot, the former as the neighbour, the latter as a friend of the deceased.

The law required that this act of decease should be registered by the near relatives or neighbours of the deceased within twenty-four hours of the making of the declaration of decease, which has been mentioned above, but it was not made until forty-eight hours after; in this, however, there is nothing suspicious, for the delay would not in any way invalidate the act, but only render those whose duty it was to make it liable to a penalty.

The signature of Bigot has also caused comment: who was he, it is asked, and why did he sign? To this question no very precise answer can be given, for little is known of him save what the act itself and Dusser's official report of the removal of the body

disclose; he was an official at the Temple and had been present at the funeral.

The registering of the act of decease was, after all, a mere formality, since it was the previous declaration of decease which established the identity of the dead person, and as Lasne, the obvious and natural person to register the act of decease, signed as the first witness, it is likely that the official who registered the act would be willing to accept as a second witness any person who had known the deceased and was willing to sign; a word such as "friend," inserted in a legal document to fulfil the requirements of the law, is often given a very elastic interpretation.

For instance, in the marriage service in the Prayer Book the rubric orders that when the bride is given away the minister receives her "at her father's or friend's hands," and yet everyone knows that many a bride has been given away by the parish clerk or sexton, whom perhaps she had never seen till she entered the church to be married.

There is therefore really nothing suspicious in the fact that Bigot, rather than Gomin or Damont or somebody else presumably better acquainted than he with the Dauphin, witnessed the act of decease in the capacity of "friend," and the attempts that have been made to use it as evidence that the body buried at St. Marguérite's cannot have been that of the Dauphin are utterly futile.

So all the formalities were fulfilled and the body of the little Dauphin was left at rest, whether in the common grave or a separate one none can say with certainty, in the cemetery of St. Marquérite, while two sentinels remained, "one near the grave, the other at the gate of the cemetery, so that no one might come and take away the remains of the son of the last King of France."

CHAPTER XV

THE FALSE DAUPHINS—HERVAGAULT, MATHURIN BRUNEAU, AUGUSTUS MEVES

ALTHOUGH the Dauphin had been failing in health for many months, and had been seriously ill for some weeks, the general public knew nothing of it, and was therefore taken by surprise when it heard the news of his death. In these circumstances it is no matter for wonder that strange rumours at once began to get afloat. Some said that the death and burial were all a pretence, a farce played by the government to conceal the fact that the Dauphin had been removed from the Temple a long while ago and was in safe keeping in a foreign country. Others that he had been poisoned more than a year before the alleged date of his death, before the fall of Robespierre; others again that he had indeed died in the Temple on the 8th June, but that his death was due to poison.

The last seems to have been the rumour most generally accepted, though some clung desperately to the belief that the Dauphin was still alive. Among these was Lady Atkyns, who had spent her fortune so unsparingly to effect his release. Vainly did Cromier and Frotté, the agents by whose means her bribes had reached those who, she hoped, would help her to set the Dauphin at liberty, assure her they had been deceived. The men she had believed bought over had pocketed her guineas and done nothing. In vain did Frotté tell her that he had been "to the

fountain-head" and that the Dauphin was not saved.

Now Frotté's conviction that the Dauphin was really dead is a very important piece of evidence, for had the boy escaped as some avow, and found a refuge in La Vendée or Brittany, it is hardly conceivable that the Chouan leader, Frotté, could have been ignorant of the fact. Moreover, the vagueness of all the rumours, and their inconsistency with one another, is rather strong proof that none of them rested on any substantial basis; they were merely the gossip of the tavern and the street corner.

But it was the currency of the rumour that the Dauphin had escaped from the Temple alive which inspired a second-rate author, Regnault Warin, with the idea of writing a romance, of which the subject was the Dauphin's escape from the Temple, his subsequent adventures and death. The book, which was published in 1798, was entitled "La Cimetière de la Madeleine."

In this story an emissary of Charette, the Vendéan general, is represented as having smuggled another boy into the Temple in a wooden horse, and having carried out the Dauphin in the basket which had contained the horse. The Dauphin was conveyed to Charette's headquarters, where he was proclaimed King; subsequently Charette thought he would be safer in America; the ship, however, in which the Dauphin sailed was captured by a republican vessel, and the Dauphin brought back to France, where he died mad in prison.

This book, though destitute of historical or literary value, is important, because it seems to have suggested to a good many of the impostors who posed as the Dauphin some of the details of the stories they concocted; the wooden or pasteboard horse especially seems to have appealed strongly to the taste of these pretenders, and it plays a part in

the accounts which several of them gave of their alleged escape from the Temple. In the course of time quite a large crop of false Dauphins sprang up, as is shown by the Duchess of Angoulême's statement that twenty-seven claimed to be her brother!

We shall not attempt to give an account of all of them, but only of a few of the best known and most successful.

The first, in order of time, is Jean Marie Hervagault. The boy, who was born in 1781, was the son of a tailor called René Hervagault, whose wife, it is said, before her marriage had been the mistress of the Duke of Valentinois. In 1796, when he was fifteen, Jean Marie ran away from home and made his way on foot towards Cherbourg. His pleasing appearance and attractive manners enabled him to persuade the people of the villages through which he passed to give him a night's lodging, and perhaps the claim he made to be a member of a distinguished family encouraged them to befriend him. At Cherbourg, where his behaviour aroused suspicion, he was arrested, and a considerable amount of jewellery was found on him. It was soon discovered that he was the son of a tailor at Saint-Lô and he was sent home to his father.

In the spring of the following year he again ran away from home and made his way towards the coast disguised in girls' clothes; at some of the châteaux at which he called, and was hospitably received, he gave out that he was the son of the Duke d'Ursel, at others the son of the Prince of Monaco. This escapade also ended as the former had done—in his arrest; and he was kept in prison at Bayeux until his father came to fetch him away.

In 1798 he was once more on the move, this time assuming the name of Montmorency, and so skilfully did he play the part of a young aristocrat that he

persuaded a lady who lived near Alençon to take him to Dreux, where he told her he was going to look for his relatives as their château was there. As soon as they reached Dreux the fraud was discovered, for not only was there no château belonging to the Montmorencys in the neighbourhood, but no one of the name was known to have lived there for two hundred years.

Left to his own devices he eventually made his way to a village near Châlons, where he asked a peasant to give him a lodging for the night. The man agreed to do so, but added he must share a bed with a young labourer, which Hervagault indignantly refused to do. The man, whose suspicions were aroused, gave information to the police and Hervagault was again arrested.

When examined by the magistrate he said that he was thirteen years of age, but refused to give any further information about himself. During his imprisonment in Châlons he was treated with great kindness, and the gaoler actually allowed him to run up debts in the town and paid them himself.

Finally, he asserted that he was the son of the Marquis de Longueville, and that his Christian name was Louis Antoine Joseph Frederic. Now, since Normandy was the home of the Longuevilles, some of the wiseacres of the town came to the conclusion that since the lad's name was Louis, and he came from Normandy, he could be none other than the Dauphin—an opinion which the young impostor took good care to encourage.

When it was discovered that he was really Jean Marie Hervagault he was taken back to Saint-Lô, early in 1799, but two months later was again on his way to Châlons, when he was arrested and sent to prison for two years on a charge of fraud.

As soon as he was released his friends at Châlons, who were firmly convinced that he was the son of

Louis XVI, found as asylum for him in the house of a gentleman at Vitry, where he was treated as a king.

Hitherto Hervagault had wisely contented himself with accepting the homage offered him without definitely making any claim to be the Dauphin; but at Vitry, urged by one of the faithful to give an account of his escape from the Temple, he unwisely consented. The account he gave was a farrago of improbabilities. He had, he said, been rescued from the Temple by Frotté and carried off in a washing-basket; after being taken to Charette's headquarters he crossed into England, and subsequently visited Rome, Spain, Portugal and Germany, whence he returned to France, where he was arrested in female attire at Cherbourg.

The whole story is a manifest tissue of lies, for it is clear from the letter which Frotté wrote to Lady Atkyns that he did not rescue the Dauphin, and was firmly convinced that he died in the Temple.

It is interesting to notice that Hervagault did not tell this story till three years after the publication of Warin's novel, so that as in several respects his narrative is similar to that given in the novel, it seems probable that he had read the book and borrowed incidents from it.

The rest of his history may be briefly told; he was arrested again in September, 1801, and sentenced to four years' imprisonment: after his release he wandered about for several months before returning to his father's home at Saint-Lô. The prodigal was not, however, cordially received, for René Harvagault was weary of his son's escapades, so young Hervagault was compelled to join a colonial regiment and spent two years at Belle-Isle-en-Mer. On his return to France in 1809 he apparently deserted from the army, but was once more arrested and imprisoned at Bicêtre, where he died on the 8th May, 1812.

In his story there is one curious discrepancy; when arrested near Châlons in 1798 he gave his age as thirteen, and the Minister of Police said he did not appear to be older, though Hervagault must at the time have been nearly seventeen. This has caused some to doubt whether the boy who subsequently claimed to be the Dauphin was really Hervagault, and they urge his father's apparent indifference to what became of him in support of their doubt.

But surely it is no uncommon thing for a boy to look a good deal younger than his age, especially when he is of effeminate appearance and delicate complexion as the young impostor Hervagault was. Nor is it strange for a father to lose interest in a son who had shown himself so incorrigible a scapegrace as Jean Marie Hervagault had.

On the other hand, the reasons for believing the boy arrested near Châlons to be Hervagault are very strong; there is the same plausibility, the same strange power of attracting and imposing upon other people, the same recklessness with money—but the strongest proof of all is that when in 1801 the pseudo-dauphin gave an account of his escape from the Temple he said he was arrested in female attire at Cherbourg, just as Hervagault had been in 1797.

But it really matters little whether the young man who died in prison at Bicêtre was Hervagault or not, for he quite certainly was an impostor and not the Dauphin.

The next important false Dauphin, Mathurin Bruneau, resembled Hervagault in beginning his career of imposture at an early age. He was born in 1784 and was the son of a cobbler at Vezins, in the department of Maine et Loire. When only seven years old he was left an orphan, and one of his elder sisters who had married another cobbler adopted him. Mathurin was a lazy, mischievous boy, and his

brother-in-law could do nothing with him; eventually he lost patience with the young scamp, and when he was eleven years old turned him out of the house.

Thrown thus early on his own resources the boy wandered about the country begging, and one day in the winter of 1795-96 arrived at a farm-house about nine miles from Condé. When the farmer asked him where he came from he replied quite truthfully: "From Vezins." But the farmer, who knew a noble family of the name of de Vezins, which had apparently suffered during the war in la Vendée, for some unknown reason leaped to the conclusion that Mathurin was a member of this family, and took him into his house and looked after him.

The news that the farmer had a little boy belonging to the de Vezins family in his house soon spread through the district and came to the ears of a gentleman called Charles de Turpin, whose aunt, the Viscountess de Turpin, lived at the Château d'Angry, near Condé, and he persuaded his aunt to send for the boy and take him under her protection. Mathurin, the cobbler's son, then found himself living in a nobleman's house, and treated as one of the family; though rather shy and awkward at first he soon learned to play the part assigned to him, and the Viscount de Turpin was quite convinced that he really was a son of the Baron de Vezins.

The boy, though good-looking and intelligent, proved rather a handful; he plagued the servants and was lazy and inattentive when the good viscountess tried to teach him. One day when a visitor at the château, M. de la Mouricière, began asking him questions the boy grew very impatient and ended by kicking him. As a punishment for his rudeness the Viscountess shut him up alone in his bedroom, and Master Bruneau, furious at being so treated, began to shout that he would tear up everything in the room and throw himself out of the window. Later, when

Mme. de Turpin thought the punishment had lasted long enough and went to let him out he was nowhere to be found. The whole château was in a state of commotion, for they feared the boy had really jumped out of the window, which overlooked the moat, and it was only after a prolonged search had been made for him that they found him hiding under a bed very cockahoop at all the anxiety he had caused.

Unfortunately for the little impostor the Chevalier de Vezins returned from England soon after this, and hearing that "one of his nephews" was living at the Château d'Angry at once asserted that none of his nephews had remained in France. Mme. de Turpin, at last undeceived, sent the boy back to Vezins, where his sister, Mme. Delaunay, recognized him as her brother; however, she told the servant who had been sent with him that she was too poor to maintain him and begged him to take the boy back to Angry, which he did.

Bruneau once more found a refuge with the kind Viscountess, but now had to live with the servants, and was no longer treated as a young nobleman. It is not quite clear why he eventually left Angry; either he was turned out for incorrigible bad behaviour or had to leave the château when the Viscountess herself fled from it at the approach of the Republican troops. Anyway he left it, after he had lived there for about a year.

He is next heard of in 1803 when he was in prison at St. Denis as a vagabond and imbecile. After his release he enlisted in the Marine Artillery and went to America on board the frigate *Cybèle*, but deserted in 1806 and apparently spent the next nine years of his life in America. In September, 1815, he returned to France, and arrived at St. Malo with an American passport in which he was described as Charles de Navarre, citizen of the United States. His first exploit was to palm himself off on a widow named

Phélippeaux as her son, whom she believed to have been killed in Spain, and from her he succeeded in obtaining a considerable sum of money.

A little later he returned to St. Malo and gave himself out to be Louis XVII, the son of Louis XVI.

Now since Louis XVIII had only been restored to the throne a few months before by the victory of the Allies over Napoleon at Waterloo, it is obvious that the government could hardly afford to pay no heed to such a claim, however preposterous it might be, and however shameless the claimant, especially as Bruneau soon gained a considerable following in St. Malo and its neighbourhood.

Ignorant and illiterate as Bruneau was, he was not devoid of shrewdness, and let it be known that he had no desire to dethrone the reigning monarch, but was ready to serve him faithfully, on condition, of course, that he would claim the throne when his "well-beloved uncle" died.

No doubt Bruneau believed that this ruse would save him from arrest; but if so he was mistaken, for ere long he found himself a prisoner first at Rennes and afterwards at Rouen. Here he was at first treated like the other prisoners, and having no money was allowed to make wooden shoes to earn a pittance wherewith to buy drink and tobacco.

Although strict orders had been given that no one was to be allowed access to the prisoner, the gatekeeper was not above taking a bribe, and Bruneau's adherents soon found means not only to see him but to provide him with every comfort.

He began to keep quite a court in his cell, where he received many visitors who treated him as a king, and with whom he talked affably while he smoked his pipe and drank a bottle of wine. He graciously allowed his subjects to kiss his hand, and sealed his letters, which were written by one whom he called his private secretary, with a seal bearing the legend,

"Charles de Bourbon, King of France and Navarre, by the grace of God." He had his life written by a man named Griselle, in which free use was made of Warin's novel, "La Cimetière de la Madeleine," the famous cardboard horse again making its appearance as the means by which he had escaped from the Temple.

George III of England, it was asserted, had received him kindly and acknowledged him as the legitimate King of France.

A certain M. de la Paumelière, an old Vendéan officer, was eventually the means by which his real identity was established. He visited Bruneau in prison, and in the course of conversation mentioned the Château d'Angry; at hearing the name of this château Bruneau blushed, and although he stoutly denied any knowledge of the family of Turpin, M. de la Paumelière's suspicions were aroused.

Not long after de la Paumelière met the Viscountess de Turpin in Paris and told her of his suspicions; the lady thereupon consented to go to Rouen and be confronted with Bruneau. She at once recognized him as the boy she had befriended twenty years before, and Bruneau made no attempt to gainsay her, thinking perhaps the identification would not damage his claim, since it was a few months after his alleged escape from the Temple that he had found a refuge in the Château of Angry.

Bruneau was eventually put on his trial and identified by his sister and other relatives, by Robert, the surgeon of the frigate *Cybèle*, by Maître, a sergeant of the Marine Artillery, and others. The trial lasted for ten days, at the end of which he was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment; he never regained his liberty, for before the term of his sentence had expired he died in prison—imbecile, it is said.

He was a less plausible impostor that Hervagault, and would, perhaps, have achieved less success than

he did had he not asserted his claims at a time when the appearance of a false Dauphin was specially embarrassing to the government, because Louis XVIII had only just been restored to the throne by the victorious Allies.

In the history of the false Dauphins also he has a certain importance, because both Richemont and Naundorff asserted that the whole campaign against Bruneau had been trumped up by the government with a view to distracting public attention from the real claimant—by which, of course, each of them meant himself.

Before dealing with the history of these two notorious pretenders, it will be well to say a little of yet another false Dauphin, Augustus Meves, who has a certain interest for English readers because he was a British subject.

From his father's will it appears that Meves was a child born out of wedlock before his parents' marriage; after his father's death, his mother, he asserts, told him he was really the Dauphin. He was probably the victim of a delusion, and not like most of the other claimants a conscious impostor, for his "authentic historical memoirs" suggest that he was a man of unbalanced mind: and he seems to have wavered between two theories of how he came to be brought to England.

At one time he said that when the mob attacked Versailles on the 5th October, 1789, the Queen seized Augustus Meves from his mother and gave her the little Dauphin, while in a letter to the Duchess of Angoulême he said that he was "placed at a boarding-school at Horsham in Sussex about the year 1790." At another time he said that he was carried out of the Temple by Mme. Simon in a basket in January, 1794, and entrusted to the care of William Meves, who brought him over to England.

He tried to reconcile these two irreconcilable accounts by saying that his mother and her brother-in-law, George Meves, persuaded him to believe that all the events which he remembered having happened at the Temple had really happened at the Sussex boarding-school, which was kept in a disused prison, while he tried to account for the fact that his father never told him who he really was by saying that Marie Antoinette had made William Meves promise that he would never reveal the child's identity.

He managed to persuade a certain number of people to acknowledge his claim, and actually went to Paris with the idea of pressing it, but having received a warning from the police that he had better leave France, he returned to England.

When the Duchess of Angoulême was staying in Edinburgh, Meves determined to visit her and get her to recognize him as her brother.

His uncle, George Meves, however, when he learned what he was meditating, had him put under restraint as a lunatic; and the account which Meves himself gives of an illness which he formerly had justifies George Meves' opinion that his nephew was at times out of his mind.

On one occasion he met Naundorff and came to the conclusion that that wily adventurer was the real Augustus Meves; what Naundorff thought of him he did not discover.

His endeavours to assert his claims were only intermittent and half-hearted, and for the most part he lived peaceably in England, where he enjoyed a certain not very exalted reputation as a pianist and musical composer.

It seems possible that his mother, who had had some connection with the French Court in the days before the Revolution, may have invented the story that Augustus was really the Dauphin, as a counter-

blast to the statement in her husband's will that he was illegitimate.

However the idea originated, Augustus Meves became obsessed with it and firmly believed that he was the Dauphin: a belief shared by his children, who many years after his death published a book intended to vindicate his claim.

He is chiefly interesting because he is the one false Dauphin of whom it may confidently be said that he was the victim of a delusion and not the perpetrator of an elaborate fraud.

CHAPTER XVI

THE FALSE DAUPHINS—RICHEMONT AND NAUNDORFF

The last two false Dauphins of whom it will be necessary to speak were men of a very different type from the engaging and boyish Hervagault or the boorish and ignorant Bruneau; since for both of them it might be claimed that they were men of considerable ability. Perhaps neither of them seriously expected to become King of France, and the real prize which attracted them may have been rather the large private fortune of the Duchess of Angoulême, which, had either of them been able to establish his claim to be "the lost Dauphin," she would have had to share with him.

Preposterous as the accounts which both Richemont and Naundorff gave of their early adventures seem to the cold eye of the historical critic, the number of their dupes is sufficient proof that they knew the kind of stuff that would impress, the kind of people they hoped to impress—knew the right kind of bait to use to catch gudgeon.

Richemont was so far successful that he was able to pass his later years in luxury at the expense of a devoted female dupe; while the most convincing proof that can be given of Naundorff's cleverness is that even to-day educated people can be found who still believe him to have been the true Dauphin.

Both perhaps owed something to the fact that their origin was unknown, for it is only within the present century that it has been discovered that Naundorff's

real name was Karl Benjamin Werg, and that he was born at Halle-on-Saale in May, 1777; the identity of Richemont remains an unsolved mystery.

The first authentic fact known about him is that he was imprisoned at Milan in the same prison as Silvio Pellico, the Carbonari poet and author of "Le Mie Prigioni." Pellico found on the wall of his cell some French verses signed "The Duke of Normandy"; he tried to sing them, and was surprised to hear from a neighbouring cell another voice singing them to a different air. The two prisoners got into conversation, and Pellico recognized "the easy and refined tone of a man of the world, who had received a good education." Soon he drew from his fellow-prisoner the admission that he was the Duke of Normandy: Louis XVII.

"Why," asked Pellico, "did you not prefer your claims at the time of the Restoration?"

"I was unable," replied the other, "from extreme illness to quit the city of Bologna. The moment I was better I hastened to Paris; I presented myself to the Allied monarchs, but the work was done. The good Prince of Condé knew and received me with open arms, but his friendship availed me not. One evening, passing through a lonely street, I was suddenly attacked by assassins and escaped with difficulty."

Pellico asked him for a sketch of his life, and he gave one similar in general outline to that which he subsequently published. Pellico did not believe his story, or that he was the Dauphin, but had not the heart to tell him so; he noticed that his features were strikingly like those of the Bourbons, and conjectured that this accidental resemblance had led him to assume the character of the Dauphin.

Between the account he gave to Pellico and that which he afterwards gave to the Countess d'Apchier there are two important discrepancies. He told

Pellico that he did not go to Paris at the time of the Restoration because he was sick at Bologna. He told Mme. d'Apchier that he was in Brazil till 1815, whence he returned direct to France. Again while he gave an attempt to assassinate him as his reason for leaving France, when he was talking to Pellico, he told the Countess d'Apchier that it was the refusal of Louis XVIII and the Duchess d'Angoulême to recognize his claims which led to his withdrawal.

The fact probably is that Pellico's question took him unprepared and he invented a reply on the spur of the moment. Anyway the discrepancies cast a grave doubt on Richemont's veracity.

After his release from prison in 1825 he went to Paris and began to put forward his claims. For several years he wrote for the press and was involved in various political intrigues; in 1833 he was arrested and condemned to twelve years' imprisonment. He succeeded, however, in escaping from prison, and till his death in 1853 spent most of his time either in Paris or at the Château de Vaurenard, the home of his devoted supporter, the Countess d'Apchier de Varbre, where he was treated as a king.

He continued to the last in efforts to get the Duchess d'Angoulême to acknowledge him as her brother, but without success. The fact that the government left him unmolested from the time of his escape from prison to his death is sufficient proof that it was convinced of the flimsy nature of his claims and regarded him as politically negligible.

The account which he gave of his early life to the Countess d'Apchier, and published in his "Mémoires," was, like that of the other false Dauphins, partly based upon Warin's novel. Someone employed by the Prince de Condé had, he said, succeeded in bribing Mme. Simon to connive at the Dauphin's escape. Accordingly, one day when Simon was out, a large cardboard horse was brought into the Temple; this

horse, which was professedly a plaything to amuse the Dauphin, really contained a boy of about his age, who had been drugged with opium.

As soon as the other boy had been extracted, and the Dauphin safely concealed in the horse, Mme. Simon began to protest that she dared not allow the thing to remain in the Temple any longer, for fear her husband should be angry with her; so the cardboard horse was taken out of the Temple, without anyone discovering the precious burden it contained.

So far Richemont was content to follow pretty closely the idea suggested to him by Warin's novel: he next essayed a bolder flight of fancy of his own.

Having been kept in some hiding-place until nightfall he was put inside a larger horse. This was truly a wonderful animal: it was covered with a real horse's skin and looked lifelike; its inside was padded so that the little traveller might not suffer from bumps and jolts on the road, and it had air-holes under the tail, and in the nostrils, ears and legs, to enable him to breathe more easily. When this noble quadruped was harnessed to a cart, with two leaders in front of it and a wheeler behind it, it was difficult to distinguish the wooden horse from the real ones, so artfully contrived was it; two iron stays held the animal up, and its legs, which were flexible at the joints, moved at the slightest touch.

In the belly of this wondrous beast Richemont asserted that he made his escape from Paris.

After he had spent some weeks in La Vendée with Charette, he was taken to Germany to join the Prince de Condé, who, not wishing the boy's identity to be discovered for fear of what the Count de Provence might do to him, entrusted him to the guardianship of Kléber. With Kléber he went to Egypt, but his health having been affected by his sufferings and the fatigues of the war, he returned to France with Desaix.

He was present at the battle of Marengo, where Desaix was slain, and he himself wounded in the hand; soon after he learned that Kléber had been assassinated in Egypt, and he was thus left to his own resources.

Not knowing what else to do, he acted on the advice Desaix had given him and put himself under the protection of Fouché, to whom he entrusted a number of papers, which he regarded as proofs of his identity. Fearing that he might be arrested as a deserter from the army, he lived in hiding in Paris. After a while he became acquainted with Pichegru, and revealed his identity to him. Pichegru formed a plot to overthrow Napoleon and place the Dauphin on the throne. The plot was, however, discovered, the conspirators were arrested, and Pichegru strangled in prison.

At this juncture Fouché advised Richemont to fly to America, which he did. Having made his way into the interior of Brazil, he became a leading man among a tribe of South American Indians, whom he calls Mamelucks, and with whom he remained for six years. At the end of this period the government of Brazil, having infringed the treaties which it had made with the native tribes, Richemont was sent by the Indians as head of a deputation to lay their complaints before the Emperor. Of course he was successful; of course when he revealed to the Emperor who he really was, the Emperor at once believed him, took him under his protection and lived on the terms of closest intimacy with him until his return to Europe in 1815.

After his ineffectual attempt to obtain recognition from Louis XVIII and the Duchess d'Angoulême, he wandered through Europe, Asia and Africa, visiting among other places the site of ancient Troy, "where," he says, "the Iliad in hand, I rediscovered all which Homer has described": and so at length

to Mantua where he was arrested, and his authentic history begins.

Improbable as is Richemont's account of his life between the alleged escape from the Temple in 1794 and his arrest at Mantua in 1818, he found many people who were credulous enough to believe him, and even the editor of the reminiscences of the Countess d'Apchier de Varbre, which were published as recently as 1912, held that Richemont really was the son of Louis XVI. This is all the more surprising because these reminiscences contain the most convincing proof of Richemont's mendacity; for he admitted to the Countess that much of what he had told her when they first met, and had published in his memoirs, was an absolute fabrication.

To exhibit the true importance of this admission we must give a brief account of his relations with this lady.

In her girlhood she had been a lady of honour to the Princess Royal, and had known both the Dauphin and his sister as children. While still young she lost her husband, and when at the restoration of the Bourbons she returned to France a widow, she did not care to seek a position at court to which her rank and considerable fortune would have entitled her, but preferred to live in seclusion at Vaurenard. In 1833 some of her friends who believed in Richemont told her about him, and after some hesitation she decided to seek an interview with him, determined if she believed him to be the Dauphin to devote her life and fortune to supporting his claims.

The Viscount d'Orcet, who was at that time a firm believer in Richemont, introduced the Countess d'Apchier to him, and she, who had gone to the meeting eagerly hoping to be able to recognize the pretender as the true Dauphin, at once accepted his claims. He told her the marvellous story of his adventures, every word of which she accepted as

gospel truth; and from that moment her home and her fortune were at his disposal.

In the summer of the same year he went to visit her at Vaurenard, where she received and entertained him as a king. More than that, although she was a woman of well over fifty, she fell violently in love with him, and so infatuated was she that she could excuse the low intrigues that he carried on with her maidservants, on the ground that he was the descendant of Henri IV and Louis XV, and had "the generous blood of the Bourbons in his veins."

After his conviction in 1834 the Viscount d'Orcet began to have serious doubts about Richemont and his claims. He had come to the rather curious conclusion that Richemont was the same person as Hervagault and Mathurin Bruneau, but there was, as he expressed it, a "lacuna" which he could not satisfactorily fill up—by which he probably meant that he could not clearly see his way to identifying the triform pretender with the real Dauphin.

He communicated this opinion to the Countess d'Apchier, and although he did not altogether convince her he left her in an agony of doubt. When Richemont returned to Vaurenard after his escape from prison, the Countess implored him to confide in her; at first he refused to do so, telling her it was not for a subject to try and probe a monarch's secrets. Richemont obviously perceived that the Countess's faith in him was wavering, and it was very much to his interest that she should retain her belief, for her house was a most comfortable and convenient place of refuge, and her fortune a veritable Fortunatus' purse to him.

Apparently after thinking the matter over he came to the conclusion that the surest way to confirm her faith in him was to throw himself on her mercy and appeal to her womanly sympathy. A few days later, therefore, he went to her room of his own accord, and

confessed that he had been deceiving her. Much, he said, of what he had told her and published in his memoirs was false; notably all he had said about his campaigns with Kléber and his adventures with the American Indians: this was pure fabrication, for he had really been tried and imprisoned at one time under the name of Hervagault, at another under that of Mathurin Bruneau.

One cannot help suspecting that Richemont must have been aware of the opinion which d'Orcet had formed and communicated to the Countess d'Apchier; if so, he appears to have argued that the best way to prevent these conclusions from undermining the Countess' faith in him was to acknowledge their truth. It was a bold stroke, but it succeeded. Almost incredible as it seems, she believed him; and though his confession cured her of her infatuation for the man, the king to the end remained on his pedestal.

No doubt the will to believe was strong in her; to feel herself the trusted friend and protectress of the injured prince, who was defrauded of his throne and rejected by his nearest kinsmen, was the joy and pride of her life. To have had to own to herself that she had been cherishing an impostor would have broken her heart. The irony of it all is that though she herself was convinced by Richemont's confession, she has, by preserving that confession in her reminiscences, provided posterity with a clear and unquestionable proof of his mendacity.

If so large a part of his published memoirs is false, who can believe the rest? and if he lied in the first account he gave of his early life, who can believe the second? Thanks to the revelations of the Countess d'Apchier, Richemont can safely be written down as a self-convicted impostor.

The last of the pseudo-dauphins of whom we shall give an account, and perhaps the cleverest of them

all, was the man commonly known as Charles Naundorff. Not only in his lifetime did he succeed in persuading a large number of people to accept his claims, but even at the present day there are those who believe that he really was the Dauphin, as is shown by the fact that during the last forty or fifty years quite a number of writers have set out to prove that Naundorff was the Dauphin.

We call him the cleverest of the numerous claimants because he alone produced any evidence to support his case, which is worth serious consideration. We refer, of course, to the letters supposed to have been written by Laurent, which, if genuine, would prove, or at least render it highly probable, that the Dauphin was rescued from the Temple during the time that Laurent was his guardian. These letters are admittedly cleverly constructed fabrications, and if Naundorff himself wrote them would prove him to have been an expert forger.

He first came into public notice at the time of Richemont's trial, when he circulated in the court a printed letter in which he claimed that he himself was the true Dauphin.

Naundorff's account of his escape from the Temple, if not more credible, is more original than that of the other pretenders, for he does not introduce the cardboard horse into his story. Those who were determined to rescue him found, he says, great difficulty in doing so on account of the strictness with which he was guarded. They therefore determined to hide him in the tower of the Temple, and make the government believe that he had escaped, hoping to effect his rescue later on. He was accordingly drugged with opium and taken up to the top story of the tower, where he was hidden under a pile of old furniture; in this hiding-place he remained for many months.

Meanwhile his friends had placed a lay figure in

his bed which so closely resembled him that the guards did not detect the substitution; the hamper in which the lay figure had been brought was used for conveying the Dauphin to the upper story. When the government learned what had happened, they feared to let it become generally known, so introduced into the Temple a deaf and dumb boy to personate the Dauphin.

Rumours, however, got abroad that the Dauphin had escaped, and the government decided to have the dumb child poisoned. To keep up appearances they sent Dessault to attend the boy during his sickness. Dessault discovered he was being poisoned and administered an antidote; he moreover asserted that the dumb boy was not the Dauphin. The government accordingly had Dessault and the chemist who had prepared the antidote poisoned, and for the dumb boy substituted another afflicted with rickets and already in a moribund condition. This was the boy who not many days later died in the Temple.

Meanwhile, with the connivance of "many persons occupying high positions in the revolutionary government," the dumb boy was handed over to a trusty royalist emissary, who believed he was receiving the real Dauphin and only learned his mistake when he took the boy to Josephine de Beauharnais, who at once perceived that he was not the Dauphin.

After the post-mortem had been carried out on the corpse of the boy who had died, it was placed in a box for immediate burial; but some person or persons —Naundorff does not deign to say who—having drugged the living Dauphin, carried him downstairs and put him in the coffin, while they concealed the corpse in the top story where the Dauphin had been hidden.

The carriage in which the coffin was carried to the cemetery had a false bottom, and on the way his friends transferred the Dauphin from the coffin into

the recess at the bottom of the carriage and filled the coffin with waste paper. The reader will remember that in an earlier chapter evidence was given which proves that the Dauphin's coffin was conveyed from the Temple to the cemetery on a hand-bier and not in a carriage. As soon as the coffin had been duly buried his friends hurried away with him to a place where other friends were awaiting the Dauphin's arrival.

All this, be it noted, was done while the Dauphin was unconscious, and he knew nothing of what was going on until he woke and found himself in bed in "a very clean room."

Soon afterwards he was sent to La Vendée, where he fell ill and was tended by a Swiss lady whose name he does not give; she taught him to speak German so that he might pass for her son. Though they lived in the deepest secrecy they were discovered, and the unhappy Dauphin was carried off to prison. He was, however, liberated by the aid of Josephine de Beauharnais, and taken to the house of Monsieur B——, where he first met Montmorin, who for years to come was his chief friend and protector.

It was Montmorin who released him from prison in 1805 and apparently accompanied him in his flight to Germany in the following year. In Germany he was again arrested, and languished in an underground dungeon for five years. There he was fed on bread and water, and suffered greatly from the rats, some of them as large as rabbits, with which the dungeon was infested. His clothes were reduced to rags—and he was obliged to wrap himself in the single blanket which, with a heap of straw, formed his bed, but even this blanket was in a sorry state, for the rats had bitten it in a thousand places.

From this prison he was at last rescued by Montmorin, who possessed papers which proved that he was the Dauphin. These, for greater safety, he

sewed into the collar of his coat. Having received a letter of introduction to the Prussian Court, they set out for Prussia; but ill luck dogged their steps: they were arrested as spies and taken before Baron von Still, the commander of a detachment, who was easily convinced they were no spies and gave them his protection. When von Still was defeated by the French they fled, but unfortunately fell into the enemy's hands. The faithful Montmorin was killed, and Naundorff, with other prisoners of von Still's company, carried off to the centre of France, where he was imprisoned first in one dungeon, then in another.

It was apparently when he was being transferred from one prison to another that Naundorff fainted on the road and was abandoned by the escort. He was assisted by two peasant women, who took him to a hospital, from which, when he was stronger, he escaped in the company of a soldier named Friedrichs. Sleeping by day and travelling by night, they made their way to the borders of Westphalia, subsisting on fruit they stole from the orchards they passed. One morning, however, Friedrichs, who had been out on what he called a foraging expedition, did not return, so Naundorff had to pursue his journey alone. He intended to go to Berlin and enlist in the Prussian Army.

On his way he was picked up by a gentleman in a carriage who not only took him as far as Wittemberg, whither he was himself going, but sent him on to Berlin. There he tried to enlist in the army, but was rejected because he was a foreigner. He therefore hired a room and set up as a clockmaker, though how he had learned the trade he does not reveal. He was summoned before the mayor for exercising this trade without being authorized to do so. The mayor asked for his passport and birth certificate, which he naturally could not produce.

In this quandary his landlady advised him to see

Lecoque, the president of police, who was a Frenchman. He accordingly wrote to Lecoque, informing him of his royal birth and present circumstances. Lecoque came to see him, and on being shown the papers, sewn up in the collar of Naundorff's great-coat, at once recognized the handwriting of Marie Antoinette, and being a simple-minded president of police naturally believed Naundorff's story and took away his papers to show them to the King of Prussia.

Difficulties, however, arose, and a few weeks later Lecoque informed him he could not remain in Berlin. He suggested that he should assume the name of Naundorff, which was that of the gentleman who had picked him up on the road, and set up in business in some small town; to enable him to do this he provided him with a licence bearing the name of Charles William Naundorff.

Fortified with this licence he went to Spandau, where for some years he followed his trade of clock-maker, and beyond writing letters to the King of Prussia and the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and sending messages to the Duchess d'Angoulême and the Duke de Berry, he made no attempt to assert his claim to the French throne.

In 1818 he married Mlle. Jeanne Finers, a girl of fifteen, who came, he says, of a noble family that had been defrauded of its titles and rights by long and cruel misfortunes. After his marriage he decided to abandon his attempts to assert his claims and enjoy a life of quiet domestic felicity. Troubles, however, came upon him thick and fast. He was arrested on a charge of passing false coin; he became involved in a civil lawsuit about the purchase of a house; he was accused—falsely, he avers—of arson and forgery.

At last he decided to go to France and make one more effort to secure recognition as the son of Louis XVI, and after many adventures reached Paris in May, 1833. He did not attempt to claim the

throne, perhaps because after the Revolution of 1830 he saw that such a course was foredoomed to failure, perhaps warned by the fate of Richemont, whose trial was then in progress.

Having attracted public attention by circulating in the court at the time of Richemont's trial a paper in which he claimed that not Richemont but he was the true Dauphin, Naundorff set about instituting a civil suit against the Duchess d'Angoulême with the object of compelling her to share her private fortune with him. The case was never tried, for Naundorff was arrested and his papers seized. After he had been kept in prison for nearly a month he was banished, and sought a refuge in England. There he alleged that an attempt was made upon his life, which compelled him to flee to Holland, where he died in 1845.

But his claims did not die with him. In 1851 his widow and orphans endeavoured, but without success, to get the French courts to acknowledge that he was the true Dauphin; in 1874 they appealed against the verdict given in 1851, but again lost. In 1911 his descendants once more made an attempt to vindicate their claim to be regarded as the legitimate descendants of Louis XVI, but without success.

It is difficult to understand how anyone who has carefully studied the long and detailed judgment given by the Court of Appeal at Paris in 1874, or M. Laurentie's refutation of the report drawn up by M. Boissy d'Anglas in support of the Naundorffs' claim in 1911, can fail to see that Naundorff was either an impostor or a man suffering from a delusion: yet there are still those who regard him as the true Dauphin.

The more carefully the evidence is studied and the probabilities weighed, the clearer it must become to anyone who does not hold a brief for any claimant, that all the pseudo-dauphins were either impostors

or lunatics: nay, more, that despite certain difficulties and discrepancies in the evidence, there is not sufficient ground for thinking that the Dauphin either escaped from the Temple or was abducted from it, but, as the great majority of competent historians believe, died there in the arms of the faithful and devoted Lasne.

INDEX

ANDIGNÉ, COUNT D', 139, 140
Andouin, Marquis d', 54, 60
Anglas, Boissy d', 220
Anglès, Count, 155, 169
Angoulême, Duchess d' (Princess Royal), 25, 28, 50, 52, 58, 64, 71, 78, 81, 84, 94, 96, 99, 101, 115, 116, 117, 120, 127, 129, 131, 136, 140, 145, 149, 151, 155, 156, 157, 162, 165, 173, 185, 204, 205, 207, 209, 211, 212, 219, 220
Apchier de Varbre, Countess d', 208, 209, 212, 213, 214
Arnoult, 187
Artois, Count d', 11, 95
Atkyns, Lady, 153, 168, 174, 194, 199
Aubier, 89
Autun, Bishop of, 39
Avaux, Abbé d', 18, 19, 36, 43, 44, 45, 46, 66, 68, 70, 72

B——, 217
Bailly, 30, 43, 51, 66
Barelle, 147
Barnave, 59, 63, 64
Barras, 144, 145, 148, 149, 151, 152, 163, 164
Barthélemy, Abbé, 45
Basire, Mme. de, 96
Batz, Baron de, 117, 120, 121
Bayon, 59
Beauchesne, 153, 155, 156, 158, 166
Beauharnais, Josephine de, 216, 217
Beaurepaire, 27
Bellanger, 176
Berry, Duke de, 219
Besenval, 10
Bigot, 192, 193
Bligny, 81
Bouillé, Marshal, 47, 53, 59, 60, 61
——, the younger, 56, 57
Bourguignon, 179
Brazil, Emperor of, 211
Brunck, 81
Bruneau, Mathurin, 199-204, 207, 213, 214
Brunyer, Dr., 122, 123
——, Mme., 51
Bureau, 189

CALONNE, 9, 10
Cambacérès, 165
Carlos, Don, 186
Cazeaux, 165, 166
Chamilly, 69, 96, 99
Champion, 80
Charette, 195, 199, 210
Charpentier, 189, 190
Chaumette, 125, 135, 141
Chevannes, 27
Choiseul, Duke de, 52, 53, 55, 59, 60
Choiseul d'Aillecourt, Count de, 41, 42
Clavières, 74
Claye, Bishop of, 65
Cléry, 101-104, 107-115, 118, 119, 129, 144
Cléry, Mme., 121
Cochefer, 143
Coigny, 51
Collot, 167, 168
Colonges, 96
Condé, Prince de, 208-210
Condorcet, 70
Cortey, 120, 121
Cromier, Baron de, 154, 168, 194

DAMAS, 55, 56, 59
Damont, 178, 179, 181, 184, 185, 187, 188, 193
Dampierre, Marquis de, 62
Danton, 125
Darlot, 181, 187
Daujon, 106, 133
Decouflet, 189, 190
Delaunay, Mme., 201
Desaix, 210, 211
Dessault, 162, 174-176, 216
Drouet (postmaster), 55-57, 84
Drouet (a guard), 84
Dumangin, Dr., 177, 180, 182, 185
Dumont, 150
Duras, 43
Dusser, 187-189

ECKARD, 16, 134, 147, 163, 177
Elizabeth, Princess, 32, 48, 64, 75, 81, 94, 96, 99, 100, 107-109, 111, 113-118, 120, 122-125, 127, 136, 140, 149
Estaing, 29

FAUCONNIER, 139, 140
Fersen, Count, 47-51
Finers, Jeanne (Mme. Naundorff), 219
Firmont Edgeworth, Abbé, 115, 124
Fleurieu, 70, 71
Fouché, 211
Friedrichs, 218
Frotté, 154, 168, 181, 194, 199

GAGNIÉ, 137, 138, 150
Genlis, Mme. de, 29
George III, 203

Gerdret, 93
Goddet, 187
Goguelat, 52, 59
Gomin, 154, 155-168, 169-181, 182, 184, 186-188, 193
Grammont, Duchess de, 95
Griselle, 203
Guérin, 186-188

HARMAND, 159-162, 164, 168, 181, 190
Haumet, Abbé, 190
Hébert, 113, 122, 125, 135
Hervagault, Jean Marie, 196-199, 203, 207, 213, 214
——, René, 196, 199
Hervilly, 72
Hue, 25, 65, 78, 84, 92, 96, 99, 101, 102

ISNARD, 79

JARJAYES, 119, 120
Jeanroi, Dr., 183, 187
Jourdan, 26
Jupales, 123

KLÉBER, 210, 211, 214
Korf, Baroness de, 48, 50

LA CHENAYE, 92
La Fayette, 21, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30, 39, 43, 50, 51, 87
Lamballe, Princess de, 71, 82, 94, 96, 99, 101, 105-107
Lambeau, 192
La Motte Valois, Countess de, 11-13, 16, 42
La Mouricière, 200
La Paumelière, 203
Lasne, 155, 163, 164, 169-181, 184, 186-188, 193, 220
Lasnier, 143
Lassus, 182, 183, 187
La Tour Maubourg, 59
Laurent, 149-154, 156-158, 163, 168, 169, 215
Laurentie, 220
Lebœuf, 133
Lecoque, 219
Legendre, 78
Legrand, 143
Le Notre, 140, 141
Lepitre, 119-122
Liénard, 150, 167
Longueville, Marquis de, 197
Lorinet, 143
Louis XV, 68
Louis XVI, 9, 13-18, 20, 22, 24-30, 32-34, 37-43, 47, 48, 54-65, 70-81, 84, 86-117, 130, 141, 183
Louis XVII. *See* Louis Charles
Louis XVIII, 129, 185, 189, 202, 204, 209-211. *See also* Provence, Count de
Louis Charles, the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVII—birth, 9; Duke of Normandy, 13; character, 14-16; anecdotes of, 16; household, 18; first impressions of the Tuileries, 31; learns to read, 36; obstinacy, 37; at St. Cloud, 38; affection for Mme. de Tourzel and d'Avaux, 44; anecdotes of, 45, 46; arrives at Varennes, 58; his dream at Dormans, 64; love of Pauline de Tourzel, 67; characteristics of, 68, 69, 72; knowledge of geography, 82; goes to the Assembly, 94; arrival at the Temple, 97-99; life at the Temple, 100-108; removed from his mother, 112; Hébert's opinion of, 113; proclaimed king, 118; falls sick, 122; has an accident, 123; in Simon's charge, 126-142; amusements, 132; his gift to Dr. Naudin, 134; makes charges against his mother, 135, 136; against his sister and aunt, 137; solitary confinement, 143-147; Barras' visit to him, 148; Laurent's treatment of him, 149-153; Lady Atkyns' plans to rescue him, 153, 154; Gomin's care of him, 157; his silence, 158, 162, 163; Harmand visits him, 159-162; failing health, 165-168; Lasne's care of him, 169, 173, 174; falls sick, 174; grows worse, 177; death, 178; concealment of his death, 179-181; post-mortem on, 183-186; funeral, 188-189; supposed discovery of his bones, 190-192; act of decease registered, 192, 193; rumours after his death, 194, 195 (and passim)
Louis Joseph (the Dauphin), 13

MAILLARD, 21, 22
Maître, 203
Malden, 48, 50, 56
Malesherbes, 117, 118
Mandat, 89, 90, 92
Mangin, Dr., 58
Manuel, 90, 96, 98, 103, 104
Marchand, 97
Marie Antoinette, 9-14, 17-20, 23, 25-33, 35-40, 42, 45, 47-50, 52, 55, 56, 58, 59, 60, 62-65, 70, 71, 82-87, 91-96, 99, 100, 103-

106, 109-124, 126-128, 131, 135, 136, 153, 204, 205
Mathieu, 103
Maurepas, 10
Meunier, 184
Meves, Augustus, 204-206
——, George, 205
——, Mrs., 204, 205
——, William, 204, 205
Michonis, 120, 121
Milcent, Dr., 190
Mirabeau, 38, 42
Monaco, Prince of, 196
"Monsieur Charles," 134. *See* Louis Charles
Montmorin, 217, 218
Morel de Vindé, 188
Mounier, 24
Moutier, 48, 50, 56

NAPOLEON I, 202
Narbonne-Fritzlar, 22
Naudin, Dr., 133, 134, 163
Naundorff, Charles, 172, 204, 205, 207, 215-221
Navarre, Charles de. *See* Bruneau
——, Mme. de, 96
Necker, 9, 23
Neuville, Mme. de, 51, 59

ORCET, VISCOUNT D', 212-214
Orléans, Duke d', 26, 29

PALLOI, 45, 46
Paroy, 87
Pascal, 191
Pelletan, Dr., 176-178, 180, 182-187, 190, 191
Pellico, Silvio, 208, 209
Peltier, 153
Pétion, 59, 63, 71, 80, 81, 88-91, 96, 98, 101
Phélippeaux, Mme., 202
Pichegru, 211
Pipelet, Dr., 123, 124
Polignac, Duchess de, 10, 11, 17, 18
Pompadour, Marquise de, 70
Provence, Count de, 31, 33, 59, 60, 118. *See also* Louis XVIII
——, Countess de, 33

RAIGEMONT, 56, 57
Recamier, Dr., 190, 191
Renard, 64
Richemont, 142, 170, 204, 207-215, 220
Robert, 203
Robespierre, 123, 135, 148, 194
Rocher, 108
Rœderer, 73, 90-94
Rohrig, 56, 57
Roland, 74
Romeuf, 59
Rohan, Cardinal de, 11, 12

SAINT BRICE, MME. DE, 96
Santerre, 72, 74, 76, 79, 82, 85, 86, 97, 107
Sauce, 57, 58
Sedaine, 20
Sénart, 126
Servan, 74
Sevestre, Achille, 182
Simien Despréaux, 145
Simon, Antoine, 97, 121, 126, 128-142, 144, 146, 147, 148, 154, 159, 168, 209
——, Mme., 130, 131, 133, 141, 142, 204, 209, 210
Souci, Mme. de, 35
Soupé, 123
Spain, King of, 174
Sutherland, Duchess of, 95

TARENTE, PRINCESS DE, 78, 82
Thibaud, Mme., 26, 96
Thierry, Dr., 123
Tillos, 185
Tison, 101, 104, 111, 122
——, Mme., 101, 104, 111, 122, 124, 125
T.M., 132
Toulan, 119-121
Tourzel, Marquise de, 14, 18, 19, 22, 25-27, 29-31, 33-35, 37, 40, 41, 43, 44, 46, 48-51, 55, 63, 64, 66-69, 72, 82, 87, 94, 96-99, 107, 129, 155, 183, 187
——, Pauline de, 67, 95, 96, 99, 101
Turgot, 9
Turgy, 97, 98, 109, 112, 114, 124, 125
Turpin, Charles de, 200
——, Viscountess de, 200, 201, 203

URSEL, DUKE D', 196

VALENTIN, MME., 189, 191
Valentinois, Duke de, 196
Valory, 48, 51-54, 56
Vergniaud, 79
Vezins, Chevalier de, 201
Victoire, Mme. (aunt of Louis XVI), 183
Villequier, Duke de, 49
Voisin, 189
Von Still, 218

WARIN, REGNAULT, 195, 203, 209
Werg, Karl Benjamin. *See* Naundorff.